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THE NATIVE-BORN.

I looked at him and I laughed. "What have you to offer?" I said,—
 "The moonlight-marvel of silver—or the glint of gold that is red,
 The priceless dazzle of diamonds, silks of a delicate hue,
 —Empty-hand and Lack-o'-Land—is it thus that you go to woo?"

The brown of his eyes was dauntless;
 the tan of his cheek paled not.
 'Love has grown grave in the Castle that smiled in the reed-thatched cot,
 And you say I have naught to offer, I, who am Native-Born,
 Heir to silver of countless stars and the rustless gold of morn;

I, who have watched from the mountain the hosts of the Lord grow dim,
 And seen day flush o'er the rivers where the monster saurians swim;

I, who have dusted the pollen of wattle sweets from my arm,
 And drunk the milk of the cocoanut I wrenched from the swaying palm;

I, who rippled the crystal creek in joy of the morning dip,
 Brushed the honey of native bees away from my bearded lip;

I, who have couched on the close green turf, walled in by the blackbutt trees,
 Trod a carpet of tall blue grass that swept to my dew-damp knees;

I, who have gathered diamonds that lurk in the buttercup,
 Snatched a pearl from a daisy's heart, where wand'ring brown moths sup;

I, who ride by the bridle track with no man to say me "nay"
 To the rim of the mist-blue world, at shut of a burning day;

I, who can dream in the moss-hung scrub, sing to the gray belars,
 Gaze my fill at the Southern Cross, built high in an arch of stars!

I WAS born on the black-soll Downs.

and rocked by the Southern breeze,

The kingdom I have to offer is wide to Pacific seas!

And the big gray spider hanging from a branch of the swinging pine
 Spins silk that were finest decking for a true sweetheart of mine!

Let her take my hand and follow! The road to the Northward runs.

She shall have silver of moonlight—gold of Australian suns!

Was it Lack-o'-Land ye would call me? I, who am Native-Born,

Have heard the twittering parrakeets in stalks of the greenling corn;

Have plucked the buds from the lucerne; pulled grapes from the laden vine.

Empty-of-hand and Lack-o'-Land! Why, the whole wide earth is mine!"

I looked at him and I laughed. "But a maid asks more than this!"

You think the key to magic doors is hid in a bridal kiss!

Trees would be only trees to her—she would crave a carven roof,

The clashing of a city band for beat of the chestnut's hoof."

The fire in his eyes died not; the smile on his mouth lurked yet.

"Oh! Greybeard, in a heart grown cold, it is easy to forget!

Man calls, a woman follows (an' she love him) by ridge and dell,

To the creak of the saddle leather—the lilt of a horse's bell.

An' she care not . . . the lighter does the chestnut hack go forth

For plains of the purple vinca, the green of the sea-washed North.

Put Life of Life! An' she love me . . . our skies will be always blue,

And ther I have much to offer, Greybeard, as I go to woo!"

I saw him cross the ranges, from shadow into the shine,

And back came his gay voice floating: "The whole of the world is mine!"

M. Forrest.

Queensland, Australia.

The Spectator.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL.

The Home Secretary considers that the time has arrived when it is necessary to deal with the "hardened offender who looks upon prison as a sanatorium." If there was reasonable evidence that he was engaged in crime, and meant to be engaged in crime, Mr. Gladstone announced at the beginning of the present year he was of opinion that the offender should be detained in prison for the remainder of his life. The Home Secretary has accordingly introduced a Bill which has passed through the House of Commons in order to obtain the necessary powers to this end. Under the provisions of this Bill the professional criminal, or the man who is declared to be a professional criminal, is to be for all practical purposes permanently locked up. For some years past a certain school of penologists, of whom Sir Robert Anderson, a late Scotland Yard official, is the most conspicuous, has been persistently advocating some such drastic method of dealing with the professional criminal, who is undoubtedly an undesirable personage and very far from being a creditable product of civilization. Sir Robert Anderson has promised and prophesied that if the professional criminals, whose number is, he states, comparatively small, are safely put under lock and key, serious crime will practically cease, because, so he asserts, the professional criminals are not merely the perpetrators but the organizers of crime. He claims—and there are many persons of his way of thinking—that when a criminal by adopting crime as a profession shows that he has no desire to reform his life, but is determined to prey upon society, society is bound to protect itself against such an enemy, just as it would be bound to protect itself against an enemy who was attempting to de-

stroy the independence of the country. This kind of reasoning is plausible, but a little investigation of it will, I contend, demonstrate it to be absolutely fallacious.

Now I am not a penologist, nor, may I add, am I a professional criminal. But I have had the misfortune at one period of my career to have undergone a sentence of penal servitude. The experience is, I know, nothing to be proud of, but it is at any rate an experience, and one to which the penologists can lay no claim, and I am sure have no desire to lay any claim. I propose to utilize my experience on the present occasion with a view of contributing in some measure to the solution of what is undoubtedly a grave problem; the existence of a distinct class which lives on and by crime, which, in fact, makes the persistent perpetration of crime—crimes against property—a profession. I quite admit that the vision of a time when crime will largely cease, and the depredations against property, which now are too often in evidence, shall have greatly diminished, is an alluring one. The late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, who is frequently quoted with approval by the penologists, once remarked: "If society could make up its mind to the destruction of really bad offenders, they might in a very few years be made as rare as wolves, and that probably at the expense of a smaller sacrifice of life than is caused by many a shipwreck or colliery explosion." What Sir James Stephen meant by "destruction" undoubtedly was the hanging of the professional criminal. The penologists quote his dictum with approval, but they vary his remedy. Some of them assert that society has a right to hang the professional criminal, but that as public opinion is not yet

ripe for that drastic measure, he should meanwhile be permanently incarcerated. Others of them disapprove of hanging as a remedial measure, and they salve their consciences in regard to permanently cutting off the professional criminal from this world by suggesting, and no doubt hoping, that, regrettable though the necessity may be, it will at any rate remove him from the temptations which have beset him and will afford him an excellent opportunity of preparing for another existence.

Many of these penologists assert that the professional criminal is a man whom it is hopeless to attempt to reform. They say that he finds in crime not only a livelihood but exhilaration, sport, fascination—that, in fact, he would not be quit of it if he could. He is, in other words, a beast of prey who must be not only muzzled but caged, in the interests of society. Of course, if this premiss were correct there would be a good deal to say for the conclusions deduced from it. But is it correct? I have no hesitation in stating, as the result of my experience and the opportunities I have had for conversing with professional criminals on the subject, that the assumption which underlies the arguments of the penologists is not only not correct, but is absolutely fallacious. The professional criminal who finds an exhilaration, a fascination, a gratification of his sporting instincts in crime, who is in fact glamored by crime, has no existence save in the imagination of the penologist. The professional criminal, I should like to point out to these gentlemen, is unlike the poet—he is made, not born. Before deciding on drastic measures for his extinction it would, I suggest, be advisable that some investigation be made into his evolution, some inquiry as to the causes which have made him what he is. If this inquiry were undertaken by unpreju-

diced persons, by men who are not faddists and have no pet theories, I am confident it would be found that the professional criminal who preys upon society has been made such by society. He is a prison product in the first instance, and when he is released from prison society gives him clearly to understand that his place for the future is with his own class—the criminal class. The surprising thing to me is not that there are so many professional criminals, but that there are so many men who having been what I may term accidental criminals, have not subsequently drifted into the professional class. That is proof to me, did I need it, that men, even criminals, are better than a good many people appear to suppose.

When a man has once come under the ban of the criminal law in this country, more especially for any offence against the rights of property, and is sentenced to a term of imprisonment or penal servitude, he is practically outlawed. I say practically, because, of course, outlawry is obsolete in this country, and, as a matter of fact, the theory of the law is that a man who has completed his punishment has by so doing purged himself of his offence. But the theory of the law is, like many other theories, not in consonance with public opinion. The man sentenced to imprisonment or penal servitude is at once subjected to a system of punishment which I have no hesitation in describing as the most degrading, demoralizing, and useless to be found in any civilized country. It is inefficacious from any point of view; it is not properly punitive; it is not at all reformatory; it is in no sense educative. In fact, neither reform nor education has any place in it; it is simply a disagreeable routine, consisting for the most part of petty and degrading periodical annoyances. The tendency of it is to utterly break down the prisoner's

self-respect, to make him feel a degraded being, and to injure him physically, mentally, and morally. The longer he is subjected to it the greater is the deterioration. The work he is made to do is useless for himself, useless for the country. He is taught nothing whatever that will be of any utility to him on his release. The manner of his release, and the question of his life after his release, are points with which the prison system is not concerned. Indeed, its chief, I might almost say its only, concern, is to keep him in safe custody, and when the day of his imprisonment has expired to deposit him outside the prison gates. When that consummation has been achieved, the discharged prisoner—a physical, mental, and moral wreck—very quickly has practical experience of the fact that there is no place for him in the community. Society has, in fact, as completely finished with him as with the man it executes on the scaffold. What is he to do? Perhaps some of my readers will mentally suggest that there are a large number of prisoners' aid societies and other charitable organizations, in London and elsewhere, that will take this human wreck and put him in the way of earning an honest living. I say nothing here respecting these varied societies, though I have my own, and a very decided, opinion respecting them. I will content myself with suggesting that this human wreck, for whom society is responsible, is not to be saved, and healed, and restored by the process of putting him to chop wood in a so-called "home," or by loading him with advice, however excellent, either printed or spoken. If society is to do its duty in the matter it must be an individual duty, and not a vicarious one. Society has so far neglected its duty, and the result is the professional criminal. You may lock him up, good sirs, in your prisons, and keep him

there until he is laid in the prison cemetery, but you will not get rid of the professional criminal, simply because you have not stopped the process of manufacturing him. When you have attempted to do that and find the results do not come up to expectations, you will then be justified in incarcerating, or, if need be, hanging a man or woman who has demonstrated that he or she is unfitted to remain a member of the community. But until you have attempted to perform your duty to these human wrecks whom you have made, you have no right to assert that the professional criminal is a hopeless, abandoned, incorrigible being for whom nothing can be done, and of whom nothing can be expected save crime.

I confess to being somewhat tired of reading, in the Press and other periodical literature, jeremiads about the "mentally degenerate," the "morally unfit," &c. &c. I am quite as tired of perusing the lucubrations of gentlemen who are perpetually attempting to impress upon the public the fact that the professional criminal loves his calling and won't be quit of it no matter what opportunities are proffered him of earning an honest living. These writers desire their readers to believe that picking pockets, committing burglaries, and breaking into houses are delightful pursuits, after which many members of the community hanker. I do not remember during my prison experiences—and I conversed with a very large number of avowed professional criminals—coming across a single one who found any pleasure in his calling. As a matter of fact, one and all of them declared they loathed it, and I believe they did loathe it. But while hating their life they, like men of many other professions, had concluded that there was nothing else for them to do. They, in effect, had determined that they were social pariahs, that they had been made social pariahs

by society, that the way of redemption was not open for them, and that, as they had to live, they must on their release from gaol live in the only way possible for them. I am not defending the morality of these men. From an ethical standpoint I cannot defend it. But it is always well in this world to recognize facts, however unpalatable, and I think the community ought to recognize the fact that the professional criminal has been evolved into such from what I may term the accidental criminal mainly by the attitude of society towards him on his release from gaol. Having got into the ranks of professional crime, how, may I ask, is he to get out of them? There may be an occasional hero who, in spite of his environment, and despite the terrible obstacles in his path, gets himself free of the horrible thing; but I repeat, as things are, for the average professional criminal there is no redemption. He is expected to be precisely what he is, and the accidental criminal is expected to constantly recruit the ranks of the professional. There are probably a large number of well-meaning persons who will deny this fact, but it is a fact all the same. It is, moreover, a fact that ought to be looked fairly and squarely in the face.

The problem of professional crime is, I admit, a grave one, and it is in earnest need of being dealt with. We live in what are called highly civilized days. And we live in a country where wealth is abundant, culture is becoming general, education is universal, and philanthropic and charitable people are to be found in numbers. How comes it then that this horrible wen on the surface of civilization is not only apparent but is evidently increasing in size? What is the use of our religion, our philanthropy, our charity, if they cannot deal with this unpleasant subject? If the Home Secretary's Crimes Bill is passed, the Parliament of this

country will have in effect declared the problem of the professional criminal to be an insoluble one, and that we can only deal with him as he is produced or evolved by depriving him permanently of his liberty or of his life, it matters little which. This seems to me to be a counsel of despair. For my part, I will have none of it, and to the best of my ability I protest against it. Out of the light of my own experience I declare that men, even criminals, are not so hopeless, so callous, so incorrigible, so devoid of human feelings as the penologists would have us suppose. It would be well, I think, if some of the self-righteous persons would remember that in every human being there are principles of good and evil, and possibilities of either being evolved. The professional criminal is simply a natural product of a constant evolution of the bad principles, because the good ones, which I feel sure he like every other human being has, are still latent, waiting the evolutionary process. The easiest way, I suggest, to abolish the professional criminal is to cease manufacturing him. The remedy, I admit, may not appear an heroic one, and accordingly will not appeal to those persons who want something short and sharp, but I suggest that the remedy is more humane, more in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, more in consonance with the principles of civilization, and I will add more economical. Three centuries ago Paolo Sarpi, who was directed by the Venetian Government to investigate and report upon the prisons of the Republic of Venice, wrote as follows: "The object of punishment should be the emendation, not the destruction, of the criminal." These were wise words, but they have evidently borne little fruit in three hundred years, since the Parliament of Great Britain is now invited to give its sanction to a measure which practically asserts that emendation is

impossible, and that permanent imprisonment, which seems to me very much like destruction, is the only alternative.

The English prison system as it is administered to-day results, in too many cases, in making the accidental criminal a professional criminal, while it tends to harden the old offender. It is a system utterly devoid of sympathy, attempting nothing, and apparently caring nothing in reference to the building up or improvement of character, or in regard to preparing the prisoner for return to the world. Its tendency is to atrophy every human feeling and lofty aspiration, and to induce and accelerate a moral and mental degeneracy. Whether from a utilitarian, a moral, a philosophical, or common-sense standpoint, it is indefensible. This system, and the attitude of society to the man who has experienced it and has been sent back to the world are, I repeat, the main factors that produce the professional criminal. If we desire to reduce the number of these criminals, if we aspire to the time when they shall cease to be produced, we must drastically alter our prison system and society must as drastically change its views of and its action in regard to the ex-prisoner. It must, and I suggest it ought to, in all justice regard him as a man who has incurred a debt to the law, who has paid the penalty, and accordingly is entitled to a receipt. That is precisely what he is now denied: the receipt is withheld from him, and the debt is too often flaunted in his face, aye, and flaunted in his face by men who have incurred the debt, but have not paid the penalty.

I had hoped that Mr. Gladstone's Bill would not pass into law. I thought

The National Review.

he would have found that the penologists, though a very noisy section, were an infinitesimal minority of the population, and that there were quite a large number of persons in this country who still value the principle of the liberty of the subject, and a still larger number who believe that the community cannot get rid of its responsibilities in reference to ex-prisoners by the simple expedient of locking them up. My expectations have not been realized. The somewhat inaptly termed "Prevention of Crime Bill" has gone through the Commons with a modicum of discussion and but scant criticism, and seems certain to pass into law before the close of the session. That a Bill which, whatever its object, in effect will suspend the *Habeas Corpus Act* in regard to a number of, it may be, degrading and uninteresting persons who are nevertheless British subjects should be "rushed" through a Parliament wherein the Radical Party, who have long posed as the watch-dogs of liberty, possesses an enormous majority is a trifle ironical. The presence of this Bill on the Statute Book will not, however, affect the arguments I have sought to put forward in this article in regard to the professional criminal, nor will it, I suggest, in any way relieve the community of its moral duty in regard to him. As a result of the Bill there will probably be more people in gaol, but the professional criminal will still be with us an unsolved problem, a scandal to our civilization and Christianity. Towards the solution of that problem I offer this an ex-prisoner's contribution in the earnest hope that it will receive a candid consideration on the part of all who are interested in this vital matter.

H. J. B. Montgomery.

"THE JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH LADY HOLLAND." *

Two handsome volumes, with large print and wide margins, portraits, annotations, and introduction, give us after a lapse of almost a century the diary which Lady Holland kept from the year 1791 to the year 1811. At the same time Mr. Lloyd Sanders publishes "The Holland House Circle," a thick volume with many chapters. Each chapter represents a different group of men and women, of all ranks and callings, and is distinguished generally by one important name. But the chief interest of these groups lies in the fact that they were once dispersed about the great drawing-rooms at Holland House, and that the people composing them had been picked out from the tumult of London, and drawn to this one spot by the power of Lady Holland and her husband. Indeed, so much time has passed that it begins to seem strange to us that the imperious-looking lady who sits with her foot displayed in Leslie's picture, as though subjects bowed to her throne, should once have gone upstairs to her room, taken out a sheet of paper, and written down what she thought of the scene. We are told continually how she snubbed people, how she dropped her fan, how she sat at the head of her table and listened to the cleverest talk in England until she was bored, and cried out: "Enough of this, Macaulay!" But it is hard to remember that she passed through many more experiences than usually fall to the share of women, so that when she sat at her table she may have been thinking of different scenes and marvelling at the accidents that had brought her to this position. Until Lord Ilchester published her diaries there was only mate-

rial for such a book as that by Mr. Lloyd Sanders; we only knew what impression she had made on other people, and had to guess what she had been feeling herself. She was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of Jamaica, Richard Vassall, and he married her to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, when she was but fifteen. By her own account she had run wild, picked up her learning where she might, and come by her views without help from any one else. It was not from lack of care on her parents' part; they were too fond of her to tame her; and it was quite consistent with their affection that when they saw her grown a fine girl with a proud spirit they should think that she deserved to marry. A baronet who was almost twenty-three years her elder, who owned a country seat, was Member of Parliament, and was "immensely popular in the county, perhaps partly on account of his liberality and extravagance," must have appeared to them mainly in the light of a fine career for their daughter; there could be no question of love. At the time of their marriage Sir Godfrey lived in a small house close to the Abbey; the building itself was tenanted by his aunt. One may gather something of young Lady Webster's temper from the question which she used to send across to the Abbey in the mornings: "If the old hag was dead yet." The days in the little Sussex village were dreary enough, for Elizabeth amused herself by rambling over the great house, which had fallen into ruins, and rattling chains, like a naughty child, to frighten her aunt. Her husband was busy with local affairs, and, though he had some of the simple tastes of a country gentleman, was not a husband whom a clever young woman could ignore; he was not

* "The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. Two Vols. Longmans, Green & Co. "The Holland House Circle." By Lloyd Sanders. Methuen & Co.

merely rough, but his temper was violent; he gambled, and he sank into fits of depression. From all these circumstances Lady Webster conceived such a picture of life in the country that she always shuddered at the thought of it afterwards, and wrote, on leaving a country house, that she felt as though she had "escaped from some misfortune." But even as a girl it was not her way to suffer when anything could be done by protesting. She worried her husband with her restlessness until he consented to travel. One must not deny that he made some effort to see her point of view, and had enough affection to try to satisfy her, for to travel in those days of coaches and to leave his own corner of Sussex must have been a genuine hardship for an important man. Lady Webster, at all events, had her way, and it is likely that she gave her husband fewer thanks for the sacrifice than he deserved. They set off for Italy in 1791, and it was then, being twenty years of age, that Lady Webster began to keep a diary. An English traveller in the eighteenth century could not profit completely by the experience unless he wrote down what he had seen and reflected; something was always left over at the end of the day which had to be disposed of thus, and Lady Webster began her diary from such an impulse. It is written to propitiate her own eye when she reads it later in Sussex; to assure her that she was doing her duty with all her faculties, and that she was going about the world as a sensible young Englishwoman, much like other people. But one imagines that she would never feel on easy terms with this version of herself, and would turn to the pages more and more for a date or a fact, and would soon dissociate herself entirely from her reflections. Her case differs a little, however, from the usual one. From her earliest youth Lady Webster seems to have had a

quality which saved her diary from the violent fate of diaries, and spared the writer her blushes; she could be as impersonal as a boy of ten and as intelligent as a politician. How far she really cared to know that flax is grown by the inhabitants of Kempton, and that they must consume their produce themselves, "for there are no navigable rivers," one cannot tell; but she thought it worth while to observe the fact, and proceeded quite naturally to moralize "perhaps they are happier without facility of intercourse," for commerce breeds luxury, and luxury leads to a love of gain, and thus "simplicity of manners" is destroyed, which the moralist felt to be a pity. What strange conversations and what gloomy silences there must have been in the post-chaise! The young lady was indefatigable, and honestly scorned her husband because he had no enthusiasms and no theories.

When they got to Rome the situation was even worse. Lady Webster was beginning to be aware of the fact that she was a remarkable young woman, and all the masterpieces of the world were here to prove it. She set out directly upon her "course of virtue," tramped through galleries, craned her neck back, looked intently where "old Morrison" bade her look, and wrote stiff sentences of admiration in her diary. When her husband came with her he either hurried her along, so that she could not see the pictures, or flew into such a passion that she could not distinguish them. The pictures, it is clear, threw a disastrous light upon Sir Godfrey. At Rome, too, there were sympathetic married ladies who assured Elizabeth that her husband was a monster, and encouraged her to see herself in a tragic light. She sobbed herself sick, reflected that human miseries must have an end, and pitied herself for thinking so. But there is no doubt that she was unhappy, however

one may apportion the blame; for one must pity any young woman of twenty-two who leans out of her window at night, snuffs the air, sees water gleaming, and feels a strange stir in her spirit, and yet must write a few days later that she is now able to laugh at her husband's menaces, although they used to terrify her. It is natural to dread one's own faults, and to feel a peculiar dislike for the circumstances that develop them, for they make you ignoble in your own eyes; and the strain of bitterness which we trace in Lady Webster's diaries points to the presence of this discomfort. She knew that she was disposed to be hard, and she resented treatment which drove her to it, for she was a proud woman, and would have liked to admire herself unreservedly. In Italy, too, she felt often what she had seldom felt in England: hours of confused happiness in which the land was fair and she was young, and wonderful capacities stirred within her. She could not soothe such ecstasies with any of her "cold maxims of solitary comfort," but admitted the thought of "another" for her "heart to open itself into." Directly that other had shown what he could do in relieving her she dismissed him in agitation, comforting herself with the reflection that there was a "want of passion" in her nature which would save her from many disasters. "But what will be my resource if both head and heart accord in their choice?" Her honesty drove her to ask herself that question, but it is evident that it alarmed her still as much as it excited her.

It was in Florence, not a year after the words were written, that she met Lord Holland for the first time. He was a young man of twenty-one, just returning from his travels in Spain. Her first impression is as direct as usual: "Lord H. is not in the least handsome." She notes his "pleasing-

ness of manner and liveliness of conversation"; but it was the "complex disorder" in his left leg "called an ossification of the muscles," that interested her most, for, like other practical women, she had a great curiosity about physical disease and loved the society of doctors. She repeats their phrases as though she flattered herself that they meant more to her than to most people. One cannot trace the friendship accurately, for it was not the purpose of her diary to follow her feelings closely, or indeed to record them at all, except to sum them up now and then in a businesslike way, as though she made a note in shorthand for future use. But Lord Holland became one of that singular company of English people, travelling in Italy in the last years of the eighteenth century, whom we come upon later in the first years of the nineteenth when we read the story of Shelley, Byron, and Trelawny. They went about together, like adventurers in a strange land, sharing carriages and admiring statues, had their own little society in Florence and Rome, and were allied generally by birth and wealth and the peculiarity of their taste for the fine arts. Sir Godfrey (it is no wonder) grew restive, and was impatient to put an end to this aimless wandering with a family of small children in a land of foreigners, among pictures and ruins which bored him acutely. One entry, made at Rome, shows us what was going on in the spring of 1794: "Almost the whole of our Neapolitan set was there . . . we all made an excursion to Tivoli. I conveyed Lord Holland, Mr. Marsh, and Beauclerk. . . . We got back late at night. . . . In the course of our evenings Lord H. resolved to make me admire a poet. . . . Cowper. My evenings were agreeable. . . . A sharp fit of gout, brought on by drinking Orvieto wine, did not increase the good temper of (my husband.)" One of the attrac-

tive features of those early Italian travels is the leisure that people had, and the instinct, natural in a beautiful land far from all duties, which made them fill it with long hours of aimless reading. Lady Webster says of herself that she "devoured books," histories, philosophies, serious books for the most part, to increase her knowledge. But Lord Holland made her read poetry; he read Pope's "Illiad" aloud, besides a translation of Herodotus, "a good deal of Bayle and a great variety of English poetry." Her head was conquered, and that, in Lady Webster's case, was the only way to her heart. Sir Godfrey left her alone in Italy for months together; finally, in May 1795, he returned to England without her. The diary is still as sensible as ever: one might imagine her a cultivated British matron with all the natural supports. But, remembering that she had now determined to defy the law and to honor her own passion, there is something more highly strung than usual in the record of her days. She never repents, or analyses her conduct; her diary is still occupied with Correggio and the Medici family and the ruts in the roads. She drove about Italy with her own retinue, spending a few days in one place, a week in another, and settling in Florence for the winter. Lord Holland's name occurs again and again, and always as naturally as another's. But there is a freedom in her manner, a kind of pride in her happiness, which seems to show that she was perfectly confident of her own morality. In April, Lord Holland and Lady Webster travelled back to England together; Sir Godfrey divorced his wife in July 1797, and in the same month she became Lady Holland. Something remarkable might have been expected from such a marriage, for the feeling between a husband and wife who have won each other by such means will not be conventional or easy

to explain. One does not know, for instance, how far Lady Holland was led to live the life she did from a sense of gratitude to her husband, and one suspects that Lord Holland was tender and considerate beyond what was natural to him because his wife had made an immense sacrifice on his behalf. He saw, what other people did not see, that she was sometimes made to suffer. One can be sure at least that the oddities were only superficial, and that Lord and Lady Holland, grown old and sedate, never forgot that they had once been in league together against the world, or saw each other without a certain thrill. "Oh, my beloved friend," exclaimed Lady Holland, "how hast thou, by becoming mine, endeared the everyday occurrences of life!"

I loved you much at twenty-four;
I love you better at three-score

was, so Lord Holland wrote when they had been married for thirty-four years, the

One truth which, be it verse or prose,
From my heart's heart sincerely flows.

If that is so, we must admire them both the more for it, remembering what a reputation Lady Holland won for herself in those years, and how difficult she must have been to live with.

She may well have taken possession of Holland House with a vow to repay herself for wasted time and a determination to make the best of herself and of other people at last. She was determined also to serve Lord Holland in his career; and those unhappy years when she had roamed about the Continent, making her sensible observations, had taught her, at least, habits that were useful to her now, "to talk the talk of men" and to feel keenly the life in people round her. The house at once, with such a mistress, came to have a character of its own. But who

shall say why it is that people agree to meet in one spot, or what qualities go to make a *salon*? In this case the reason why they came seems to have been largely because Lady Holland wished them to come. The presence of someone with a purpose gives shape to shapeless gatherings of people; they take on a character when they meet which serves ever after to stamp the hours so spent. Lady Holland was young and handsome; her past life had given her a decision and a fearlessness which made her go further in one interview than other women in a hundred. She had read a great deal of robust English fiction, histories and travels, Juvenal in a translation, Montaigne and Voltaire and La Rochefoucauld in the French. "I have no prejudices to combat with," she wrote; so that the freest thinker could speak his mind in her presence. The reputation of this brilliant and outspoken young woman spread quickly among the politicians, and they came in numbers to dine or sleep or even to watch her dress in the morning. Perhaps they laughed when they discussed her afterwards, but she carried her main point triumphantly—that they should come to see her. Two years after her marriage she notes: "To-day I had fifty visitors." Her diary becomes a memorandum book of anecdotes and political news; and it is very seldom that she raises her eyes for a moment to consider what it is all about. But at one point she gives us a clue, and observes that although she cares for her old friends best she "seeks new acquaintances with avidity," because "mixing with a variety of people is an advantage to Lord H." One must live with one's kind and know them, or "the mind becomes narrowed to the standard of your own set," as the life of Canning had shown her. There was so much good sense always in what Lady Holland said that it was difficult to protest if her

actions, in their excessive vigor, became dangerous. She took up politics for Lord Holland's sake, with the same determination, and became before long a far greater enthusiast than he was; but, again, she was able and broad-minded. Such was her success, indeed, that it can be said by a student of the time¹ nearly a hundred years after it has all faded away—"Holland House was a political council chamber . . . and the value of such a centre to a party under exclusively aristocratic leadership was almost incalculable." But, however keen she became as a politician, we must not pretend that she inspired Ministers, or was the secret author of policies that have changed the world. Her success was of a different nature; for it is possible even now, with her diaries before us, to reconstruct something of her character and to see how, in the course of years, it told upon that portion of the world which came in contact with it.

When we think of her we do not remember witty things that she said; we remember a long series of scenes in which she shows herself insolent, or masterful, or whimsical with the whimsicality of a spoilt great lady who confounds all the conventions as it pleases her. But there is some quality in a scene like the following, trivial as it is, which makes you realize at once the effect of her presence in the room, her way of looking at you, her attitude even, and her tap with her fan. Macaulay describes a breakfast party. "Lady Holland told us her dreams; how she had dreamed that a mad dog bit her foot, and how she set off to Brodie and lost her way in St. Martin's Lane, and could not find him. She hoped, she said, the dream would not come true." Lady Holland had her superstitions. We trace it again in her words to Moore, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I

¹ Mr. Lloyd Sanders.

fear"; or at dinner to her dependent, Mr. Allen, "Mr. Allen, there is not enough turtle soup for you. You must take gravy soup or none." We seem to feel, however dimly, the presence of someone who is large and emphatic, who shows us fearlessly her peculiarities because she does not mind what we think of them, and who has, however peremptory and unsympathetic she may be, an extraordinary force of character. She makes certain things in the world stand up boldly all round her; she calls out certain qualities in other people. While she is there, it is her world, and all the things in the room, the ornaments, the scents, the books that lie on the table, are hers and express her. It is less obvious, but we expect that the whole of the strange society which met round her board owed its flavor to Lady Holland's freaks and passions. It is less obvious, because Lady Holland is far from eccentric in her journal, and adopts more and more as time goes by the attitude of a shrewd man of business who is well used to the world and well content with it. She handles numbers of men and women, rough-hews a portrait of them, and sums up their value. "His taste is bad; he loves society, but has no selection, and swallows wine for quantity not quality; he is gross in everything. . . . He is honorable, just, and true." These characters are done in a rough style, as though she slashed her clay, now this side, now that. But what numbers of likenesses she struck off, and with what assurance! Indeed, she had seen so much of the world and had such knowledge of families, tempers, and money matters, that with greater concentration she might have shaped a cynical reflection in which a lifetime of observation was compressed. "Depraved men," she writes, "are in a corrupt state of things, but yet they like the names of virtues as much as they

abhor the practice." La Rochefoucauld is often on her lips. But merely to have dealt with so many people and to have kept the mastery over them is in itself the proof of a remarkable mind. Hers was the force that held them together, and showed them in a certain light, and kept them in the places she assigned to them. She took in the whole sweep of the world, and imprinted it with her own broad mark. For not only could she subdue all that happened ordinarily in daily life, but she did not falter when the loftiest heights, which might well have seemed beyond her range, lay across her path. She sent for Wordsworth. "He came. He is much superior to his writings, and his conversation is even beyond his abilities. I should almost fear he is disposed to apply his talents more towards making himself a vigorous conversationalist . . . than to improve his style of composition. He holds some opinions upon picturesque subjects with which I completely differ. . . . He seems well read in his provincial history."

Monstrous and absurd as it is, may we not find there some clue to her success? When anyone is able to master all the facts she meets with, so that they fall into some order in her mind, she will present a formidable figure to other people, who will complain that she owes her strength to her lack of perception; but at the same time so smooth a shape of the world appears in her presence that they find peace in contemplating it, and almost love the creator. Her rule was much abused in her lifetime, and even now we are disposed to make little of it. We need not claim that it was ever of very great importance; but if we recall her at all we cannot, after all these years, pretend that it has no existence. She still sits on her chair as Leslie painted her a hard woman perhaps, but undoubtedly a strong and courageous one.

SALLY: A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C. M. G.

XI.

It was in this spirit of intense exaltation that Saleh went with the young Fairfaxes to the ball at Aston Manor-House. Harry undertook to chaperon his sisters, but was far too busy to look after any one save himself and certain young ladies who claimed his attention. Alice and Sibyl, therefore, were left completely to their own devices, and the former chose, in obedience to some momentary whim, to give a large share of her dances to Saleh, an act which bore him aloft on the wings of delight. I have said that he danced beautifully, and upon this evening the haunting suspicion of inferiority was forgotten. The music, the bright lights, the sheen of soft silks, the rustle of women's skirts, the glitter and movement, elated and excited him. The open preference for himself which he thought to detect in Alice's favors intoxicated him. Reason had ceased to whisper its sombre warnings in his ears. A divine certainty of success was his. A tag of verse, committed to memory laboriously at Mr. Le Mesurier's bidding, sorely against the grain, came to his mind:—

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

He would test his fate to-night!

But, for all his new-born confidence, the courage was for the moment lacking. Perhaps he feared to jeopardize such joy as was already his; perhaps, almost unknown to him, the conviction that the risk of failure was great still lingered; perhaps Alice's complete unconsciousness of the feeling with which she had inspired him had a

certain repressive effect of which he was unaware. Whatever the reason, however, he danced the first four dances that she had given him without suffering a word to escape him that could prepare her for what was to come, and this though his mind was made up, and his determination to tempt Providence unshaken. Reluctantly he yielded her up to another partner, and saw her float lightly away in his arms. Then he stood with his back against a door-post watching her animated face and graceful figure, and dreaming of the hopes that centred in her.

A hand laid suddenly upon his arm caused him to return to the things of the gross earth with a shock, and looking round he saw the little Princess standing by him. She was in evening dress, with a bodice of crimson satin cut low and trimmed with black chiffon; and with a kind of inward shrinking Saleh noted how dark the skin of her neck looked by gaslight, and how swarthy were the arms now bared to the shoulder. She had a string of marvellous pearls round her neck, great gold bracelets on her wrists, and a second string of pearls twisted in and out among the black masses of her hair. Her great eyes were looking at him with a sort of elfish amusement.

"How do you do?" she said. "You are not dancing now?"

"No," said Saleh; "but I am engaged to dance presently."

"With Alice Fairfax, I suppose," she said mischievously; "but as she is dancing with some one else now, you had better come and sit out with me."

"Thank you," said Saleh, with very little of gratitude in his voice; "but won't you dance instead."

"No, thank you. I don't want to

dance with you. These horrid people would laugh if they saw us dancing together. Besides, it wouldn't be proper, and I want to talk to you."

She led the way into one of the sitting-out rooms, and Saleh reluctantly followed. She had not seemed to notice the arm which he tentatively offered, and inconsequently enough Saleh felt hurt by the fact, though he lacked the perception to understand that this little Oriental shrank instinctively from allowing a fellow-Asiatic of the opposite sex to touch her, as any white man might have done without offence.

She threw herself down in the corner of a vast Chesterfield, arranging her skirts with a sort of cosy feline movement vaguely suggestive of her Eastern origin. Saleh seated himself beside her, pulling up the knees of his well-cut evening trousers, and crossing his neat little feet in their pumps and silk stockings.

"I was rude and unkind the other day," she began, "but you angered me. Now I am going to be rude again, but it is because I want to be kind. You think that you are in love with Alice Fairfax."

"How do you know?" asked Saleh, unconscious of the admission he was making.

The little Princess laughed.

"I know because I am not blind," she said. "Do you remember that I told you you were like one of my hounds? Well, if you could have seen yourself as you stood looking at her from that doorway, you would have needed no telling. Your eyes were following her about slavishly—just like a dog's. Now,"—as Saleh would have interrupted,—"don't be angry. I do not mean to be rude. After all, she is so nice that you would not mind being *her* dog, would you?"

"No," said Saleh. Though his dislike of the little Princess was no whit

diminished, to talk even to her about Alice was in itself pleasurable.

"I know," she resumed, "and that is why I am sorry for you, and why I am talking to you now. Listen. You love her so much that you would ask her to marry you—isn't it so?"

"Yes," answered Saleh. "I mean to ask her."

"And I say that you shall do nothing of the kind!" cried the little Princess, with all the fire that she had shown at their first interview. "You do not know these English as I know them. They despise us: they call us 'niggers.' Oh, I know what you would say,—that they treat us civilly, that you and I are guests here to-night, are received by them on equal terms. But that is nothing. Up to a point they can make-believe to regard us as human beings, but only up to a certain point. They will talk with us, laugh with us, flirt with us, perhaps, but they will not wed with us! I know."

"But your brother, Prince Alexander, he has married an English girl. I have heard people talk of it," objected Saleh.

"And how have you heard them talk of it,—with disgust, with horror,—as a degradation, a disgrace!"

The conversation at the Fairfax lunch-table recurred to Saleh's memory, fraught suddenly with a new meaning.

"I had not thought of it in that way," he said haltingly.

"And the girl my brother married was not like Alice Fairfax. She fell in love with his good looks, and when once a woman has got over something that is repellent to her, her passion is stronger than any ordinary feeling—while it lasts. It is morbid, and all morbid things are more violent than nature, because they have beaten nature before they have prevailed. I am sorry for my brother now."

"Why?"

"Because morbid passions are short-lived. But Alice is not like that. She is just an ordinary commonplace English girl,—not in the least like the angel you fancy her, but even more unlike the neurotic morbid creature who is my brother's wife. She would never do what my sister-in-law did, and though I hate her for it, I know that the reason is that she is more normal, more healthy, and could not sin against her nature, even if she would."

"If you are going to abuse Alice I won't listen to you," said Saleh sullenly, drawing away from her.

"I am not abusing her. Can't you understand that I am praising her—as she would account praise? She would say that my brother's wife was a degraded, horrid woman."

"She did," said Saleh musingly, blurted out the truth unthinkingly, more to himself than to his hearer.

The little Princess sprang into a more upright attitude, her cheeks darkened by the rush of blood under her skin, her eyes flashing with fury.

"She said that?" she exclaimed. "The hateful, proud wretch! But I knew it, I knew it, and . . . and she was right! Nature did not mean brown folk and white to mate together: it is contrary to her law. In the East we Orientals feel the same repulsion: it is only those of us who are morbid, depraved, debased, who can overcome the repugnance inspired by the pale faces, which are like nothing so much as animated corpses, since death bleaches the color out of our cheeks; but people like you and me who have been brought up here in England have been robbed even of our nature. To us that which should be horrible has become natural, even attractive, it may be. The English, who have taken so much from us, have taken that too. We cannot even keep our taste, our judgment."

"But they give us something in ex-

change," said Saleh. "I could never have felt about a girl as . . . as I feel about Alice—not if I had remained in the East, not if I had never come to England."

"And is that anything to be thankful for?" cried the little Princess, in bitter derision. "Can you be glad because you have been taught to feel as you ought not to feel, because you have learned to want what you cannot have?"

"But . . . you may be wrong. You hate the English, and you misjudge them." Saleh longed to convince himself, but the miserable doubts which of late had taken root in his mind had sprung up now into sudden maturity with the speed of Jack's beanstalk, were flourishing luxuriantly, bearing a heavy crop of bitter fruit.

"I do not misjudge them in this. I *know*—I have good reason to know," the girl replied, her voice vibrating with passion. "Listen. If I had lived all my life in India,—if the English had not robbed us, depriving us even of the surroundings which should have been ours by right of nature and inheritance,—I should have scorned to think of a European with love. I should have felt about white people as . . . as they now feel about us. But I grew up here. I have never been to India. I have been made to associate with English people all my life, and so . . . so . . . when love came to me, it was . . . through an Englishman." Her voice was subdued to a whisper—a whisper that vibrated with intense passion. Saleh followed her words with an eager and painful excitement.

"Are you speaking of a man called Fred Castle?" he asked.

The girl gave a little inarticulate cry of pain, such as might have escaped from a tortured animal.

"Who told you?" She seemed to scream the words, though her voice was still hushed.

"I heard the Fairfaxes talking about it," replied Saleh, "but I did not understand. I mean that I did not know that it meant so much."

The little Princess wrung her hands, and then clasping them together, let them fall into her lap. Saleh noticed that the knuckles stood out white and prominent, the skin strained over them by the violence with which the fingers were pressed into the palms. For a moment or two there was silence between them. Then the girl spoke again.

"I might have known," she said, and in her tone there was a sort of desperate rage and impotence. "I might have known that people talked of it and . . . laughed. I was not spared even that humiliation. To them it is something 'funny'—a jest, a good story!

"Yes: it was Fred Castle. I was fool enough to love him, and he—he loved me." She spoke the words softly, as though even in her pain the memory brought to her some measure of comfort. "But . . . he could not do it. He was too weak, and public opinion was too strong. He went away to India—and people said, I suppose, that 'he was well out of it,' and laughed at me!" Again she wrung her hands in that odd un-English fashion. Again she restrained her gestures with obvious effort, and clasped her writhing fingers in her lap.

"Why could not the English have left us alone?" she almost wailed. "I could have been so happy if I had been left alone!"

"You don't know what the life of women in the East is," said Saleh, bent on consoling her, for his sympathies were awakened suddenly by the sight of her pain. "If you had been born and bred in India, you would have been shut up behind the curtain all your life. You would not have been able to go about as you do in Richmond Park. You could not have

gone to balls, or have played hockey, or . . . or anything."

The little Princess laughed a discordant laugh.

"How appalling!" she exclaimed, with bitter sarcasm. "No walks, no balls, no hockey! What immense privileges to have lost! And what sorry things I should have had in their place! Only love, and marriage, and . . . and motherhood, perhaps! Only everything!"

Again the silence fell, and in the distance came the soft strains of a valse tune and the faint sound of dancing feet. Saleh felt that he had nothing of comfort to offer to her, and that he himself was all on edge from listening to her words. Yet even now he hoped against hope that her case might be unique, that it might have no special application to his own circumstances. An uneasy feeling impelled him to ask a question.

"Why do you tell me all this?"

"Because you ought to know. Because I do not want these English to have something else to laugh about. You do not belong to India, but you are a 'nigger' too, just as I am." She laid a stress that was fierce upon the word, and Saleh winced.

"If you speak of love and marriage to Alice Fairfax, she will laugh at you. It will be one more humiliation for us all. I don't mean that to happen, if I can do anything to prevent it."

"She wouldn't laugh," said Saleh indignantly. "You do not know. She likes me, I am sure. She is so sweet, so kind. She couldn't be cruel if she tried."

The dance had ended, and the couples were beginning to overflow into the sitting-out rooms. The little Princess rose suddenly.

"Take me over there," she said, indicating two vacant seats, the backs of which rested against a tall screen. She led the way, and Saleh again fol-

lowed her obediently. Somehow her talk, though it made him uneasy, miserable, fascinated him, much as a snake fascinates a bird. They seated themselves in the places she had selected, and the little Princess spoke again, sinking her voice to the lowest of whispers.

"You say that she is kind to you,—you fancy that she is fond of you. I know what that is worth. She is much kinder to you than to any Englishman with whom you have seen her. Isn't that so?"

"I think she is," said Saleh, with something of triumph in his voice.

"Kinder, for instance, than she is to Major Dalton?" pursued the little Princess.

"Yes—much," said Saleh joyfully. "She certainly likes me better than Major Dalton."

"That does not follow," said the little Princess blighting. Her sex gave her the intuition which poor Saleh lacked. "She is nicer to you than to anybody. Do you know why? It is because you *matter less*. Because, being only a 'nigger,' you do not seem to her to stand on the same footing as other men. She thinks she can be kind to you without danger of seeming too kind. She can't imagine a mere 'nigger' even daring to fall in love with her!"

She spoke brutally, tauntingly, as though she took pleasure in the pain she was inflicting; and Saleh interrupted her with an angry exclamation, that broke in upon her tense sibilant whisper.

"It is a lie!" he said. "I won't believe it. She isn't like that. You don't know her."

"Hush!" said the little Princess. "Hush!"

Saleh obeyed her mechanically, and in the silence that followed he became conscious for the first time of voices on the other side of the screen.

He had been so wrapped up in his own affairs, his own painful emotions, that hitherto he had been totally unaware of all that was going on around him. A man's voice was speaking.

"I suppose you wanted to hurt me," it said. "You have given him four dances already."

"And why shouldn't I?" came the reply, in the low murmur of musical feminine speech. "He is our guest, you know."

The man's voice grumbled something that Saleh could not catch.

"You mustn't say that about him," the girl's voice objected.

"But it's true," said the man. "I should hate it if you flirted with any one—but to flirt with a thing like that!"

"How can you say such a thing—such a hateful thing?" cried the girl, with real indignation in her voice. "I have never flirted in my life. But to flirt with a poor little creature like that! Why, the idea's horrible. How can you think such a thing of me? How can you?"

"It is all very well; but if you don't call it flirting to dance four dances with the same man out of the first half-dozen, I'm at a loss for a definition."

"But he's different. Nobody could flirt with him. Oh, it's dreadful that you should think such a thing possible!"

"Of course I have no right to object," said the man's voice sulkily. "But the little beast is head over ears in love with you. You can't pretend to be blind to that obvious fact."

"He is nothing of the sort. He wouldn't dream of such a thing. It would be an insult. He wouldn't dare to feel like that."

"And I suppose you are going to give him some more dances presently?" hazarded the man, still sulkily.

"I was going to give him one," re-

plied the girl hesitatingly. "But . . . but . . ."

"Don't," pleaded the man. "Don't, Alice; I can't bear it. You must know. I care so much—so terribly."

There was the sound of a little happy sigh. Then very softly—

"Do you?" said the girl's voice.

"Yes—you know I do. And, dear, I don't want only this; I want—just everything. Do you care a little?"

The inaudible answer was accompanied again by that sigh of happiness, and then there was a silence through which Saleh sat rigid like one turned to stone.

"But you really were mistaken about him," the girl's voice said presently, in eager explanation. "He didn't look at things in that way at all, any more than I did. Don't you see that such a thing was impossible—quite impossible?"

"Well, we won't bother about him; but you mustn't give him that dance, Alice," said the man masterfully, with a ring of joy in his voice. "You see the little beggar is a man for all he is a nigger, and I can't allow my queen to become the idol of even a savage's worship."

"I am your High Mightiness's very humble servant," said the girl with a gay laugh, "so of course I must do the bidding of my lord and master. You shall have the dance yourself. You see I am beginning to honor and obey already!"

"But I want you to love too. Do you? Just a little?"

The opening bars of a new valse drowned her soft reply, and Saleh, suddenly conscious of what he had been doing, sprang to his feet, and turned a face, gray under its brown skin, upon the little Princess.

"You brought me here on purpose!" he said, in a voice of concentrated passion. "You have made me behave like a cad!"

The little Princess rose too, and laid a hand upon his coat-sleeve.

"Yes, I brought you here on purpose, though of course I did not know what you would have to listen to. It was Alice Fairfax and Major Dalton. I am very sorry for you—sorry for your pain. I—I have been through it all myself. There is nothing to be said, but at any rate you are convinced; at any rate you will be spared the humiliation which was in store for you; at any rate you will not make an exhibition of yourself—as I did! There is nothing for any one to laugh and mock at now. Let that comfort you. We brown people have 'given ourselves away' enough, and often enough, without you adding to the list. But I am sorry, dreadfully sorry, and now you will understand how much you owe to the English. Oh, why can't they let us alone!"

"It is not the English," cried Saleh in a choking voice. "It is not the English! It is we ourselves who are all wrong! Oh, why was I ever born, why was I ever born! *Allah-hu! Allah-hu!*" Unconsciously in his grief he made use of the cry of his own people. At that moment he felt himself to have reverted suddenly to the condition of the Oriental, to be utterly an alien.

The little Princess watched him critically, noting how in the extremity of his pain the veneer which the white folk had superadded was stripped from him, and from her heart she was glad because the brown humanity they shared in common had not been exposed in his person to wanton insult. His individual agony signified little in her estimation. That was his affair, and he must make with it the best terms he might. What really mattered was that he had, through her agency, been spared the humiliation of an inevitable rebuff, which, as being, in a sense, a triumph gained by the white race at the expense of the suffering

Oriental, would have mortified her also by proxy.

"Don't let them see. Whatever you do, don't let them know," she pleaded now, earnestly, eagerly, half-entreating, half-commanding. "Don't let this English girl understand that she has hurt you, that she has had the power to wound you. Don't let the English have that satisfaction too! Learn to hate them and to make others hate them, as I do!"

"I don't hate them!" cried Saleh. "I hate myself, because I can't be one of them,—because I am all wrong, made all wrong from the beginning; and I hate you, because you are hateful, and cruel, and wicked, and . . ."

He broke off, stuttering and gesticulating. His hand flew to his belt, and grabbed at vacancy just above his left hip. The movement was due to a slumbering instinct suddenly awakened, and had the *kris* he sought been in its place it would in that instant have gone hard with the little Princess, and Saleh, thrown back with a jerk upon his Malayan nature, might have run *amok* through that English ball-room, his *sorak* clanging discordantly through the voluptuous dance-music, his weapon stabbing indiscriminately the staid white shirt-fronts of men and the dainty frocks of screaming women.

The little Princess watched him with a kind of interested contempt. The traditions of her people had taught her to look for stoicism in a man, and a sneer curled her lips as she noted his working features and his frantic gesticulations.

"Even if you are a 'nigger' don't let them . . ." she began, but she got no further. Saleh's hand came away empty from his hip, then was lifted above his head, and an instant later was dashed into her face, wiping from

it as by magic the half-pitying, half-jeering smile with which she was regarding him.

He had acted on the impulse of the moment, acted in direct defiance of all that he had learned since his arrival in England, but in obedience to the inherited instinct that held the brown woman as a chattel, and bade him chastise her when insolent. It was the stirring within him of the Malayan soul that had so long been lulled in anaesthesia; a stirring made more violent by the truth so abruptly, so mercilessly revealed, that his transformation into a white man—a transformation he had fondly believed to be triumphantly complete—was only a mockery, a sham. The bitter realization of his racial inferiority was upon him now in all its fulness, and while it inspired him with self-loathing, causing him to feel that, as he had phrased it, he was "made all wrong," it aroused in him a certain savage lust to give free play to his lower impulses. If he could not rise to the level after which he had yearned, he would put no further restraint upon himself. He did not argue, he felt; and so his hand fell and the blow brought him an instant's relief. If he could not kill, at least he could inflict pain! Then he turned away, and passed through an open French window out into the night.

The little Princess was left alone in the deserted room, with one hand pressed to her smarting cheek. She felt dizzy, and physically sick with anger and indignation; yet in her too the blow had struck a chord of inherited memory, and though she would gladly have seen Saleh torn to pieces in punishment for that which he had done, he excited in her, for the first time in their intercourse, something of respect, and even of admiration.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

WASTEFUL PLEASURES.

Er muss lernen edler begehren, damit
er nicht nöthig habe erhaben zu willen.
—Schiller, "Aesthetische Erziehung.

I.

A pretty, Caldecott-like moment, or rather minute, when the huntsmen stood on the green lawn round the moving, tail-switching, dapple mass of hounds; and the red coats trotted one by one from behind the screens of bare trees, delicate lilac against the slowly-moving gray sky. A delightful moment, followed, as the hunt swished past, by the sudden sense that these men and women, thus whirled off into what may well be the sole poetry of their lives, are but noisy intruders into these fields and spinnies, whose solemn, secret speech they drown with clatter and yelp, whose mystery and charm stand aside on their passage, like an interrupted, a profaned rite.

Gone; the yapping and barking, the bugle-tooting fade away in the distance; and the trees and wind converse once more.

This West Wind, which has been whipping up the wan northern sea, and rushing round the house all this last fortnight, singing its big ballads in corridor and chimney, piping its dirges and lullabies in one's back-blown hair on the sand dunes—this West Wind, with its many chaunts, its occasional harmonies and sudden modulations mocking familiar tunes, can tell of many things: Of the different way in which the great trunks meet its shocks and answer vibrating through their innermost fibres; the smooth, muscular boles of the beeches, shaking their auburn boughs; the stiff, rough hornbeams and thorns isolated among the pastures; the ashes whose leaves strew the roads with green rushes; the creaking, shivering firs and larches. The West Wind tells us

of the way the branches spring outwards, or balance themselves, or hang like garlands in the air, and carry their leaves, or needles, or nuts; and of their ways of bending and straightening, of swaying and trembling. It tells us also, this West Wind, how the sea is lashed and furrowed; how the little waves spring up in the offing, and the big waves rise and run forward and topple into foam; how the rocks are shaken, the sands are made to hiss and the shingle is rattled up and down; how the great breakers vault over the pier walls, leap thundering against the breakwaters, and disperse, like smoke off the cannon's mouth, like the whiteness of some vast explosion.

These are the things which the Wind and the Woods can talk about with us, nay, even the gorse and the shaking bents. But the hunting folk pass too quick, and make too much noise, to hear anything save themselves and their horses' hoofs and their bugle and hounds.

II.

I have taken fox-hunting as the type of a pleasure *which destroys something*, just because it is, in many ways, the most noble and, if I may say so, the most innocent of such pleasures. The death, the, perhaps agonizing, flight of the fox, occupy no part of the hunter's consciousness, and form no part of his pleasure; indeed they could, but for the hounds, be dispensed with altogether. There is a fine community of emotion between men and creatures, horses and dogs adding their excitement to ours; there is also a fine lack of the mere feeling of trying to outrace a competitor, something of the collective and almost altruistic self-forgetfulness of a battle. There is the break-neck skurry, the flying across the ground and through the air at the risk

of limbs and life, and at the mercy of one's own and one's horse's pluck, skill and good fellowship. All this makes up a rapture in which many ugly things vanish, and certain cosmic intuitions flash forth for some, at least, of the hunters. The element of poetry is greater, the element of brutality less, in this form of intoxication than in many others. It has a handsomer bearing than its modern successor, the motor-intoxication, with its passiveness and (for all but the driver) its lack of skill, its confinement, moreover, to beaten roads, and its petrol-stench and dustcloud of privilege and of inconvenience to others. And the intoxication of hunting is, to my thinking, at least, cleaner, wholesomer, than the intoxication of, let us say, certain ways of hearing music. But just because so much can be said, both positive and negative, in its favor, I am glad that hunting, and not some meaner or less seemly amusement, should have set me off moralizing about such pleasures as are wasteful of other things or of some portion of our soul.

III.

For nothing can be further from scientific fact than that cross-grained and ill-tempered puritanism identifying pleasure with something akin to sinfulness. Philosophically considered, Pain is so far stronger a determinant than Pleasure, that its *vis a tergo* might have sufficed to ensure the survival of the race, without the far milder action of Pleasure being necessary at all; so that the very existence of Pleasure would lead us to infer that, besides its function of selecting, like Pain, among life's possibilities, it has the function of actually replenishing the vital powers, and thus making amends, by its healing and invigorating, for the wear and tear, the lessening of life's resources through life's other great Power of Selection, the terror-angel of Pain. This

being the case, Pleasure tends, and should tend more and more, to be consistent with itself, to mean a greater chance of its own growth and spreading (as opposed to Pain's dwindling and suicidal nature), and in so far to connect itself with whatsoever facts make for the general good, and to reject, therefore, all cruelty, injustice, rapacity and wastefulness of opportunities and powers.

Nay, paradoxical though such a notion may seem in the face of our past and present state of barbarism, Pleasure, and hence amusement, should become incompatible with, be actually *spoilt by*, any element of loss to self and others, of mischief even to the distant, the future, and of impiety to that principle of Good which is but the summing up of the claims of the unseen and unborn.

IV.

I was struck, the other day, by the name of a play on a theatre poster: *A Life of Pleasure*. The expression is so familiar that we hear and employ it without thinking how it has come to be. Yet, when by some accident it comes to be analyzed, its meaning startles with an odd revelation. Pleasure, a life of pleasure. . . . Other lives, to be livable, must contain more pleasure than pain; and we know, as a fact, that all healthy work is pleasurable to healthy creatures. Intelligent converse with one's friends, study, sympathy, all give pleasure; and art is, in a way, the very type of pleasure. Yet we know that none of all that is meant in the expression: a life of pleasure. A curious thought, and, as it came to me, a terrible one. For that expression is symbolic. It means that, of all the myriads of creatures who surround us, in the present and past, the vast majority identifies pleasure mainly with such a life; despises, in its speech at least, all other sorts of pleasure, the pleasure of its own hon-

est strivings and affections, taxing them for granted, making light thereof.

V.

We are mistaken, I think, in taxing, the generality of people with indifference to ideals, with lack of ideals directing their lives. Few lives are really lawless or kept in check only by the *secular arm*, the judge or policeman. Nor is conformity to *what others do, what is fit for one's class or seemly in one's position* a result of mere unreasoning imitation or of the fear of being boycotted. The potency of such considerations is largely that of summing up certain rules and defining the permanent tendencies of the individual, or those he would wish to be permanent; in other words, we are in the presence of *ideals of conduct*.

Why else are certain things *those which have to be done*; whence otherwise such expression as *social duties* and *keeping up one's position*? Why such fortitude under boredom, weariness, constraint; such heroism sometimes in taking blows and snubs, in dancing on with broken heart-strings like the Princess in Ford's play? All this means an ideal, nay, a religion. Yes; people quite matter of fact, worldly people, are perpetually sacrificing to ideals. And what is more, quite superior, virtuous people, religious in the best sense of the word, are apt to have, besides the ostensible and perhaps rather obsolete one of churches and meeting-houses, another cultus, esoteric, unspoken but acted upon, of which the priests and casuists are ladies' maids and butlers.

Now, if one could only put to profit some of this wasted dutifulness, this useless heroism; if some of the energy put into the ideal progress (as free from self-interest most often as the *accumulating merit* of Kim's Buddhist) called *getting on in the world* could only be applied in *getting the world along*!

VI.

An eminent political economist, to whom I once confided my aversion for such *butler's and lady's maid's ideals of life*, admonished me that although useless possessions, unenjoyable luxury, ostentation and so forth undoubtedly represented a waste of the world's energies and resources, they should nevertheless be tolerated, inasmuch as constituting a great incentive to industry. People work, he said, largely that they may be able to waste. If you repress wastefulness you will diminish, by so much, the production of wealth by the wasteful, by the luxurious and the vain. . . .

This may be true. Habits of modesty and of sparingness might perhaps deprive the world of as much wealth as they would save. But even supposing this to be true, though the wealth of the world did not immediately gain, there would always be the modesty and sparingness to the good; virtues which, sooner or later, would be bound to make more wealth exist or to make existing wealth *go a longer way*. Appealing to higher motives, to good sense and good feeling and good taste, has the advantage of saving the drawbacks of lower motives, which are lower just because they have such drawbacks. You may get a man to do a desirable thing from undesirable motives; but those undesirable motives will induce him, the very next minute, to do some undesirable thing. The wages of good feeling and good taste is the satisfaction thereof. The wages of covetousness and vanity is the grabbing of advantages and the humiliating of neighbors; and these make life poorer, however much bread there may be to eat or money to spend. What are called higher motives are merely those which expand individual life into harmonious connection with the life of all men; what we call lower motives bring us hopelessly back, by a series of

vicious circles, to the mere isolated, sterile egos. Sterile, I mean, in the sense that the supply of happiness dwindles instead of increasing.

VII.

Waste of better possibilities, of higher qualities, of what we call *our soul*. To denounce this is dignified, but it is also easy and most often correspondingly useless. I wish to descend to more prosaic matters, and, as Ruskin did in his day, to denounce the mere waste of money. For the wasting of money implies nearly always all those other kinds of wasting. And although there are doubtless pastimes (pastimes promoted, as is our wont, for fear of yet *other* pastimes), which are in themselves unclean or cruel, these are less typically evil, just because they are more obviously so, than the amusements which imply the destruction of wealth, the destruction of part of the earth's resources and of men's labor and thrift, and incidentally thereon of human leisure and comfort and the world's sweetness.

Do you remember La Bruyère's famous description of the peasants under Louis XIV? "One occasionally meets with certain wild animals, both male and female, scattered over the country; black, livid and parched by the sun, bound to the soil which they scratch and dig up with desperate obstinacy. They have something which sounds like speech, and when they raise themselves up they show a human face. And, as a fact, they are human beings." The *Ancien Régime*, which had reduced them to that, and was to continue reducing them worse and worse for another hundred years by every conceivable tax, tithe, toll, servage and privilege, did so mainly to pay for amusements. Amusements of the *Roi-Soleil*, with his Versailles and Marly and aqueducts and waterworks, plays and operas; amusements of Louis XV., with his *Parc-aux-Cerfs*; amusements

of Marie-Antoinette, playing the virtuous rustic at Trianon; amusements of new buildings, new equipages, new ribbons and bibbons, new diamonds (including the fatal necklace); amusements of hunting and gambling and love-making; amusements sometimes atrocious, sometimes merely futile, but all of them leaving nothing behind, save the ravaged grass and stench of brimstone and burnt-out fireworks.

Moreover, wasting money implies *getting more*. And the processes by which such wasted money is replaced are, by the very nature of those who do the wasting, rarely, nay, never, otherwise than wasteful in themselves. To put into their pockets or, like Marshal Villerot ("a-t-on mis de l'or dans mes poches?"), have it put by their valets, to replace what was lost overnight, these proud and often honorable nobles would ante-chamber and cringe for sinecures, pensions, indemnities, privileges, importune and supplicate the King, the King's mistress, pandar or lacquey. And the sinecure, pension, indemnity or privilege was always deducted out of the bread—rye-bread, straw-bread, grass-bread—which those parched, prone human animals described by La Bruyère were extracting "with desperate obstinacy"—out of the ever more sterile and more accursed furrow.

It is convenient to point the moral by reference to those kings and nobles of other centuries, without incurring pursuit for libel, or wounding the feelings of one's own kind and estimable contemporaries. Still, it may be well to add that, odd though it appears, the vicious circle (in both senses of the words) continues to exist; and that, even in our democratic civilization, *you cannot waste money without wasting something else in getting more money to replace it*.

Waste, and *lay waste*, even as if your pastime had consisted not in harmless novelty and display, in gentlemanly

games or good-humored sport, but in destruction and devastation for their own sake.

VIII.

It has been laid waste, that little valley which, in its delicate and austere loveliness, was rarer and more perfect than any picture or poem. Those oaks, ivy garlanded like *Mænads*, which guarded the shallow white weirs whence the stream leaps down; those *illexes*, whose dark, loose boughs hung over the beryl pools like hair of drinking nymphs; those trees which were indeed the living and divine owners of that secluded place, dryads and oreads older and younger than any mortals,—have now been shamefully stripped, violated and maimed, their shorn-off leafage, already withered, gathered into faggots or trodden into the mud made by wood-cutters' feet in the place of violets and tender grasses and wild balm; their flayed bodies, hacked grossly out of shape, and flung into the defiled water until the moment when, the slaughter and dishonor and profanation being complete, the dealers' carts will come cutting up the turf and sprouting reeds, and carry them off to station or timber-yard. The very stumps and roots will be dragged out for sale; the earthy banks, raw and torn, will fall in, muddying and clogging that pure mountain brook; and the hillside, turned into sliding shale, will dam it into puddles with the refuse from the quarries above. And thus, for less guineas than will buy a new motor or cover an hour of Monte Carlo, a corner of the world's loveliness and peace will be gone as utterly as those chairs and tables and vases and cushions which the harlot in Zola's novel broke, tore, and threw upon the fire for her morning's amusement.

IX.

There is in our imperfect life too little of pleasure and too much of play.

This means that our activities are largely wasted in pleasureless ways; that, being more tired than we should be, we lose much time in needed rest; moreover that being, all of us more or less, slaves to the drudgery of need or fashion, we set a positive value on that negative good called freedom, even as the pause between pain takes, in some cases, the character of pleasure.

There is in all play a sense not merely of freedom from responsibility, from purpose and consecutiveness, a possibility of breaking off, or slackening off, but a sense also of margin, of permitted pause and blank and change; all of which answer to our being on the verge of fatigue or boredom, at the limit of our energy, as is normal in the case of growing children (for growth exhausts), and inevitable in the case of those who work without the renovation of interest in what they are doing.

If you notice people on a holiday, you will see them doing a large amount of "nothing," dawdling, in fact; and "amusements" are, when they are not excitements, that is to say, stimulations to deficient energy, full of such "doing nothing." Think, for instance, of "amusing conversation" with its gaps and skipings, and "amusing" reading with its perpetual chances of inattention.

All this is due to the majority of us being too weak, too badly born and bred, to give full attention except under the constraint of necessary work, or under the lash of some sort of excitement; and as a consequence to our obtaining a sense of real well-being only from the spare energy which accumulates during idleness. Moreover, under our present conditions (as under those of slave-labor) "work" is rarely such as calls forth the effortless, the willing, the pleased attention. Either in kind or length or intensity, work makes a greater demand than can be met by the spontaneous, happy

activity of most of us, and thereby diminishes the future chances of such spontaneous activity by making us weaker in body and mind.

Now so long as work continues to be thus strained or against the grain, play is bound to be either an excitement which leaves us poorer and more tired than before (the fox-hunter, for instance, at the close of the day, or on the off-days), or else play will be mere dawdling, getting out of training, in a measure demoralization. For demoralization, in the etymological sense being *debauched*, is the correlative of over great or over long effort; both spoil, but the one spoils while diminishing the mischief made by the other.

Art is so much less useful than it should be, because of this bad division of "work" and "play," between which two it finds no place. For Art—and the art we unwittingly practice whenever we take pleasure in nature—is without appeal either to the man who is straining at *business* or to the man who is dawdling in amusement.

Aesthetic pleasure implies energy during rest and leisureliness during labor. It means making the most of whatever beautiful and noble possibilities may come into our life; nay, it means, in each single soul, *being* for however brief a time, beautiful and noble because one is filled with beauty and nobility.

X.

To eat his bread in sorrow and the sweat of his face was, we are apt to forget, the first sign of man's loss of innocence. And having learned that we must reverse the myth in order to see its meaning (since innocence is not at the beginning, but rather at the end of the story of mankind), we might accept it as part of whatever religion we may have, that the evil of our world is exactly commensurate with the hardship of useful tasks and the waste-

fulness and destructiveness of pleasures and diversions. Evil and also folly and inefficiency, for each of these implies the existence of much work badly done, of much work to no purpose, of a majority of men so weak and dull as to be excluded from choice and from leisure, and a minority of men so weak and dull as to use choice and leisure mainly for mischief. To reverse this original sinful constitution of the world is the sole real meaning of progress. And the only reason for wishing inventions to be perfected, wealth to increase, freedom to be attained, and, indeed, the life of the race to be continued at all, lies in the belief that such continued movement must bring about a gradual diminution of pleasureless work and wasteful play. Meanwhile, in the wretched past and present, the only aristocracy really existing has been that of the privileged creatures whose qualities and circumstances have been such that artisans or artists, tillers of the ground or seekers after truth, poets, philosophers, or mothers and nurses, their work has been their pleasure. This means *love*; and love means fruitfulness.

XI.

There are moments when, catching a glimpse of the frightful weight of care and pain with which mankind is laden, I am oppressed by the thought that all improvement must come solely through the continued selfish shifting of that burden from side to side, from shoulder to shoulder; through the violent or cunning destruction of some of the intolerable effects of selfishness in the past by selfishness in the present and the future. And that in the midst of this terrible but salutary scuffle for ease and security, the ideals of those who are privileged enough to have any, may be not much more useful than the fly on the axle-tree.

It may be, it doubtless is so now-

days, although none of us can tell to what extent.

But even if it be so, let us who have strength and leisure for preference and ideals prepare ourselves to fit, at least to acquiesce, in the changes we are unable to bring about. Do not let us seek our pleasure in things which we condemn, or remain attached to those which are ours only through the imperfect arrangements which we deplore. We are, of course, all tied tight in the meshes of our often worthless and cruel civilization, even as the saints felt themselves caught in the meshes of bodily life. But even as they, in their day, fixed their hopes on the life disembodied, so let us, in our turn, prepare our souls for that gradual coming of justice on earth which we shall never witness, by forestalling its results in our valuations and our wishes.

XII.

The other evening, skirting the Links, we came upon a field, where, among the brown and green nobbly grass, was gathered a sort of parliament of creatures: rooks on the fences, seagulls and peewits wheeling overhead, plovers strutting and wagging their tails; and, undisturbed by the white darting of rabbits, a covey of young partridges, hopping leisurely in compact mass.

Is it because we see of these creatures only their harmlessness to us, but not the slaughter and starving out of each other; or is it because of their closer relation to simple and beautiful things, to nature; or is it merely because they are *not human beings*—who shall tell? But, for whatever reason, such a sight does certainly bring up in us a sense, however fleeting, of simplicity, *mananctude* (like the charming mediæval word), of the kinship of harmlessness.

I was thinking this while wading up the grass this morning to the craig behind the house, the fields of unripe

corn a-shimmer and a-shiver in the light, bright wind; the sea and distant sky so merged in delicate white mists that a ship, at first sight, seemed a bird poised in the air. And, higher up, among the ragwort and tall thistles, I found in the coarse grass a dead baby-rabbit, shot and not killed at once, perhaps; or shot and not picked up, as not worth taking; a little soft, smooth, feathery young handful, laid out very decently, as human beings have to be laid out by one another, in death.

It brought to my mind a passage where Thoreau, who understood such matters, says, that although the love of nature may be fostered by sport, such love, when once consummate, will make nature's lover little by little shrink from slaughter, and hanker after a diet wherein slaughter is unnecessary.

It is sad, not for the beasts but for our souls, that, since we must kill beasts for food (though may not science teach a cleaner, more human diet?) or to prevent their eating us out of house and home, it is sad that we should choose to make of this necessity (which ought to be, like all our baser needs, a matter if not of shame at least of decorum) that we should make of this ugly necessity an opportunity for amusement. It is sad that nowadays, when creatures, wild and tame, are bred for killing, the usual way in which man is brought in contact with the creatures of the fields and woods and streams (such man, I mean, as thinks, feels or is expected to) should be by slaughtering them.

Surely it might be more akin to our human souls, to gentleness of bringing up, Christianity of belief and chivalry of all kinds, to be, rather than a hunter, a shepherd. Yet the shepherd is the lout in our idle times; the shepherd, and the tiller of the soil; and alas, the naturalist, again, is apt to be the *muff*.

But may the time not come when, apart from every man having to do some useful thing, something perchance like tending flocks, tilling the ground, mowing and forestering, the mere love of beauty, the desire for peace and harmony, the craving for renewal by communion with the life outside our own, will lead men, without dogs or guns or rods, into the woods, the fields, to the river-banks, as to some ancient palace full of frescoes, as to some silent church, with solemn rites and liturgy?

XIII.

The killing of creatures for sport seems a necessity nowadays. There is more than mere bodily vigor to be got by occasional interludes of outdoor life, early hours, discomfort and absorption in the ways of birds and beasts; there is actual spiritual renovation. The mere reading about such things, in Tolstol's *Cossacks* and certain chapters of *Anna Karenina* makes one realize the poetry attached to them; and we all of us know that the genuine sportsman, the man of gun and rod and daybreak and solitude, has often a curious halo of purity about him; contact with natural things and unfamiliarity with the sordidness of so much human life and endeavor, amounting to a kind of consecration. A man of this stamp once told me that no emotion in his life had ever equalled that of his first woodcock.

You cannot have such open-air life, such clean and poetic emotion without killing. Men are men; they will not get up at cock-crow for the sake of a mere walk, or sleep in the woods for the sake of the wood's noises; they must have an object; and what object is there except killing beasts or birds or fish? Men have to be sportsmen because they can't all be either naturalists or poets. Killing animals (and, some persons would add, killing other

men) is necessary to keep men manly. And where men are no longer manly they become cruel, not for the sake of sport or war, but for their lusts and for cruelty's own sake. And that seems to settle the question.

XIV.

But the question is not really settled. It is merely settled for the present, but not for the future. It is surely a sign of our weakness and barbarism that we cannot imagine to-morrow as better than to-day, and that, for all our vaunted temporal progress and hypocritical talk of duty, we are yet unable to think and to feel in terms of improvement and change; but let our habits, like the vilest vested interests, oppose a veto to the hope and wish for better things.

To realize that *what is* does not mean what *will be*, constitutes methinks, the real spirituality of us poor human creatures, allowing our judgments and aspirations to pass beyond our short and hide-bound life, to live on in the future, and help to make that *yonside of our mortality*, which some of us attempt to satisfy with theosophic reincarnation and planchette messages!

But such spirituality, whose "it shall"—or "it shall not"—will become an ever larger part of all *it is*, depends upon the courage of recognizing that much of what the past forces us to accept is not good enough for the future; recognizing that, odious as this may seem to our self-conceit and sloth, many of the things we do and like and are, will not bear even our own uncritical scrutiny. Above all, that the lesser evil which we prefer to the greater is an evil for all that, and requires riddance.

Much of the world's big mischief is due to the avoidance of a bigger one. For instance, all this naively insisted-on masculine inability to obtain the poet's or naturalists's joys without

shooting a bird or hooking a fish, this inability to love wild life, early hours and wholesome fatigue unless accompanied by a waste of life and of money; in short, all this incapacity *for being manly without being destructive*, is largely due among us Anglo-Saxons to the bringing up of boys as mere playground dunces, for fear (as we are told by parents and schoolmasters) that the future citizens of England should take to evil communications and worse manners if they did not play and talk cricket and football at every available moment. For what can you expect but that manly innocence which has been preserved at the expense of every higher taste should grow up into manly virtue, unable to maintain itself save by hunting and fishing, shooting and horse-racing; expensive amusements requiring, in their turn, a further sacrifice of all capacities for innocent, noble and inexpensive interests, in the absorbing, sometimes stultifying, often debasing processes of making money?

The same complacency towards waste and mischief for the sake of moral advantages may be studied in the case also of our womankind. The absorption in their *toilettes* guards them from many dangers to family sanctity. And from how much cruel gossip is not society saved by the prevalent passion for bridge!

So at least moralists, who are usually the most complacently demoralized of elderly cynics, are ready to assure us.

XV.

"We should learn to have noble desires," wrote Schiller, "in order to have no need for sublime resolutions." And morality might almost take care of itself, if people knew the strong and exquisite pleasures to be found, like the aromatic ragwort growing on every wall and stoneheap in the south, everywhere in the course of everyday life.

But alas! the openness to cheap and simple pleasures means the fine training of fine faculties; and mankind asks for the expensive and far-fetched and unwholesome pleasures, because it is itself of poor and cheap material and of wholesale scamped manufacture.

XVI.

Biological facts, as well as our observation of our own self (which is psychology) lead us to believe that, as I have mentioned before, Pleasure fulfils the function not merely of leading us along livable ways, but also of creating a surplus of vitality. Itself an almost unnecessary boon (since Pain is sufficient to regulate our choice), Pleasure would thus tend to ever fresh and, if I may use the word, gratuitous supplies of good. Does not this give to Pleasure a certain freedom, a humane character wholly different from the awful, unappeasable tyranny of Pain? For let us be sincere. Pain, and all the cruel alternatives bidding us obey or die, are scarcely things with which our poor ideals, our good feeling and good taste, have much chance of profitable discussion. There is in all human life a side akin to that of the beast; the beast hunted, tracked, starved, killing and killed for food; the side alluded to under decent formulae like "pressure of population," "diminishing returns," "competition," and so forth. Not but this side of life also tends towards good, but the means by which it does so, nature's atrocious surgery, are evil, although one cannot deny that it is the very nature of Pain to diminish its own recurrence. This thought may bring some comfort in the awful earnestness of existence, this thought that, in its cruel fashion, the universe is weeding out cruel facts. But to pretend that we can habitually exercise much moral good taste, be of delicate forethought, squeamish harmony when Pain has yoked and is driving us, is

surely a bad bit of hypocrisy, of which those who are being starved or trampled or tortured into acquiescence may reasonably bid us be ashamed. Indeed, stoicism, particularly in its discourses to others, has not more sense of shame than sense of humor.

But since our power of choosing is thus jeopardized by the presence of Pain, it would the more behove us to express our wish for goodness, our sense of close connection, wide and complex harmony with the happiness of others, in those moments of respite and liberty which we call happiness, and particularly in those freely chosen concerns which we call play.

Alas, we cannot help ourselves from becoming unimaginative, unsympathizing, destructive and brutish when we are hard pressed by agony or by fear. Therefore, let such of us as have stuff for finer things, seize some of our only opportunities, and seek to become harmless in our pleasures.

Who knows but that the highest practical self-cultivation would not be compassed by a much humbler paraphrase of Schiller's advice: let us learn to like what does no harm to the present or the future, in order not to throw away heroic efforts or sentimental intentions, in doing what we don't like for some one else's supposed benefit.

XVII.

The various things I have been saying have been said, or, better still, taken for granted, by Wordsworth, Keats, Browning, Ruskin, Pater, Stevenson, by all our poets in verse and prose. What I wish to add is that, being a poet, seeing and feeling like a poet, means quite miraculously multiplying life's resources for oneself and others; in fact the highest practicality conceivable, the real transmutation of brass into gold. What we all waste, more even than money, land,

time and labor, more than we waste the efforts and rewards of other folk, and the chances of enjoyment of unborn generations (and half of our so-called practicality is nothing but such waste); what we waste in short more than anything else, is our own and our children's inborn capacity to see and feel as poets do, and make much joy out of little material.

XVIII.

There is no machine refuse, cinder, husk, paring or rejected material of any kind which modern ingenuity cannot turn to profit, making useful and pleasant goods out of such rubbish as we would willingly, at first sight, shoot out of the universe into chaos. Every material thing can be turned, it would seem, into new textures, clean metal, manure, fuel or what not. But while we are thus economical with our dust-heaps, what horrid wastefulness goes on with our sensations, impressions, memories, emotions, with our souls and all the things that minister to their delight!

XIX.

An ignorant foreign body—and, after all, everyone is a foreigner somewhere and ignorant about something—once committed the enormity of asking his host, just back from cub-hunting, whether the hedgerows, when he went out of a morning, were not quite lovely with those dewy cobwebs which the French call Vells of the Virgin. It had to be explained that such a sight was the most unwelcome you could imagine, since it was a sure sign there would be no scent. The poor foreigner was duly crestfallen, as happens whenever one has nearly spoilt a friend's property through some piece of blundering.

But the blunder struck me as oddly symbolical. Are we not most of us pursuing for our pleasure, though sometimes at risk of our necks, a fox

of some kind; worth nothing as meat,
little as fur, good only to gallop after,
and whose unclean scent is incompat-

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ible with those sparkling gossamers
flung, for everyone's delight, over gorse
and hedgerow?

Vernon Lee.

IN DEFENCE OF RHYME.

Though rhyme is securely established in our poetry and we are quite familiar with its beauties, yet there still persists among us an idea that it is something arbitrary and irrational, imposed upon verse to make it more difficult, like the bunkers of a golf course. This was the idea of Campion and of Milton, who were both themselves skilful masters of rhyme yet condemned it for much the same reasons—namely, because the ancients did not use it, because it was a hindrance to expression, and because it was the invention of a barbarous age. Campion also said that it made poets indifferent to the rules of metre, and he seems to have supposed that our metres were based upon quantity, not on accent. Milton did not fall into this error; but he failed to see that poetry of accent may be the better for rhyme, although poetry of quantity does not need it. For rhyme itself is only a kind of accent, introduced to mark the end of some period of a verse by its likeness in sound to some corresponding end or period. Rhymes are landmarks, easily recognizable, on the changing surface of accentual verse; but quantities are themselves fixed and need an incessant variety of accent to preserve them from monotony. Rhyme, therefore, would only enforce the monotony to which the verse of quantity is always liable. It is strange that Milton and Campion, when they condemned rhyme for the difficulties which it sets up, should not have seen that all the forms of verse might be condemned for the same reason. If rhyme makes composition more difficult, so does metre. If the

easiest kind of composition is the best, we should all write prose and free our literature from the fetters which a childish taste for ornament has imposed upon it. The business of a serious writer is to say what he has to say as plainly as he can, not to play games with words, according to some obsolete and arbitrary rules.

Now, every one knows that the answer to this, so far as metre is concerned, is that verse is not a game, but a means of expressing what cannot to be expressed so well without it; that it gives to words an emotional power which they do not possess in a merely grammatical arrangement; that verse has grown like language itself and not been invented; and that its rules are no more arbitrary than the rules of grammar, but only statements of common practice. We know that all this is true of metre, but we do not recognize the fact that it must also be true of rhyme, if rhyme is a really valuable element in our verse. That it is a valuable element seems to be proved by the practice of our poets, who would never have hampered themselves with it, if they had found it a hindrance rather than a help to expression.

But it is worth while to ask ourselves how it can help expression. There is this difficulty to begin with, that, though we may argue theoretically that rhyme is necessary to accentual verse, yet the practice of the poets, and particularly of Milton, proves that it is not. Blank verse was a noble instrument in his hands, and in the hands of many Elizabethan

dramatists, and it has been nobly used by some modern poets. Also some beautiful unrhymed lyrics exist, though they are few compared with the quantity of good blank verse. But still the great mass of our poetry is rhymed, and had long been rhymed before any blank verse or rhymeless lyrics were written. We do not say this in ignorance of the fact that Anglo-Saxon poetry was rhymeless. It was not English poetry, but composed on a different principle altogether; and as Anglo-Saxon poetry changed gradually into English, rhyme crept into it together with regular metre, so that the one was as natural a growth as the other. Thus nearly all our metres were developed with the help of rhyme, and, if some of them have since been able to do without it, it does not follow that they could have done without it from the first. Accentual verse is monotonous and devoid of subtlety without considerable license in the shifting of accent; and it was the fixed landmark of rhyme that gave our earlier poets the courage to use that license. Without it they would have had nothing but regularity of accent to distinguish their verse from prose, in which case they would seldom have dared any irregularity. But when blank verse was first introduced the heroic line was already thoroughly familiar, and all its subtleties had been developed by Chaucer under the safeguard of rhyme. Even so, blank verse, until Shakespeare gave it freedom, was far stiffer and more monotonous than Chaucer's rhyming lines; and that freedom which Shakespeare gave it was dangerous to lesser poets. Fletcher, for all his skill, was afraid of it, and developed for himself a monotonous kind of blank verse with feminine endings instead of rhymes for landmarks; while the blank verse of other dramatists became more and more formless, until it was given

up at the Restoration, after a short struggle, for rhyme or prose. We must remember, too, that dramatic verse can do better without rhyme than other kinds, because it is written to be spoken, not read; and no doubt Elizabethan actors emphasized the rhythm when they spoke it. Rhyme is of more value in poetry that is written to be read, because accent is not so plain to the eye as to the ear, whereas rhyme is equally plain to both. The mind, unassisted by the ear, is apt to think more of sense than of sound; and even a poet, if he composes only for readers, is liable to be too much absorbed in his sense. To him and to the reader rhyme is a reminder that sound is a necessary means of expression in poetry, and that poetry which does not use it is only prose. Thus Wordsworth often falls into mere prose in the *Excursion* and the *Prelude*; and those who read these works only for the sense are quite unaware that they bring only a prosaic understanding even to the more poetic parts of them.

Poets who write blank verse to be read are liable to two dangers, and few of them have avoided both. Either they tend, like Wordsworth, to write mere prose in their less inspired passages, or else, like Tennyson and Milton himself, they contort their language so that it may not resemble the language of prose. The language of Milton is further removed from ordinary speech than that of any great English poet, and it is furthest removed when the sense is most prosaic.

The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing

*His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.*

In lines like the last two of these he set a fashion of disguising prose, which has lasted to our own time. There is

always a majesty in his disguises which has been ludicrously aped by many of his followers. Even Keats could not free himself from the Miltonic convention when he wrote blank verse, and he abandoned "Hyperion" because there were too many Miltonic inversions in it. Blank verse has this great and unexpected defect, that it can seldom, for more than a few lines at a time, be written simply without falling into prose. Without rhyme we may be sure that our poetry, in the continued effort to distinguish itself from prose, would have grown more and more artificial in its grammatical structure and would long ago have lost touch with the vernacular.

But there are other kinds of verse in our poetry besides the heroic line; and many of these could certainly not have been developed without rhyme. The form of stanzas in English poetry is made by rhyme, and we could not have them without it except on some rigid and elaborate system of accentuation that would destroy much of the expressive power of accentual poetry. It is true that a few beautiful poems have been written in rhymeless stanzas, such as Campion's "Rose-cheeked Laura, Come" and Collins's "Ode to Evening." But they were written by poets, and for readers, accustomed to rhymed stanzas. They have a music that had been developed in rhymed poetry, and their form would not, perhaps, be recognized except by readers used to poems of the same kind, emphasized by rhyme. The absence of rhyme is agreeable in them just because our ears are so delicately disappointed of it. Campion disappoints us more cunningly even than Collins, because, in his stanza, the metre seems to glance away from the very possibility of rhyme.

Rose-cheeked Laura, come;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's

Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Here there could not be a complete correspondence of rhymes. If the two middle lines were rhymed as in Crasshaw's poem—

To thy lover, Dear, discover—

we should expect the first line to rhyme with the last, which could not be, since the last has a feminine ending. Campion, therefore, has made a stanza only possible without rhyme; but it does not follow that he could ever have made it unless he had been used to rhyme. He himself seems to have thought his verse was quantitative. It is really, of course, accentual, with subtle irregularities of accent that had been developed in rhymed poetry and were possible in rhymeless, only because the influence and memory of rhyme were powerful in the minds both of the poet and his readers. In fact, we may say of all our rhymeless poetry, except blank verse, that it is a kind of parasite upon rhymed poetry, and that even blank verse owes much of its freedom and beauty to the practice of rhyme.

We cannot tell why rhyme adds to the beauty and expressive power of language any more than we can tell why metre does so. The connection between beauty and expressive power in all the arts is a mystery. We only know by observation and experience that they are closely connected, and that those rules in any art which make for beauty make also for expressive power. Indeed they are not rules at all, but only means of expression systematized by experience, which the artist is free to discard if he can do better without them. So the poet need not rhyme, unless he chooses; but he has no right to condemn rhyme, for, however well he may express himself in blank verse, he may be sure that he could never express himself

so well but for the practice of former rhymers. Those fetters which he has cast off have given him the freedom which he enjoys; and to most poets they are not fetters at all, but safeguards against prosaic diffuseness and even spurs to the fancy. Many a fine image has come to a poet in his search for a rhyme, just as a good speaker often makes his best point out of interruption. Inspiration can catch at any hint and use it for its own purposes; and the difficulty of finding rhymes is only a more intense form of that difficulty of finding words which is a necessary condition of the whole art of poetry. How troublesome it must be, we think, for the poet to be checked in the full career and momentum of his inspiration by the need to find a rhyme. Yet he is incessantly checked all through the process of composition by the need to find words and to arrange them; and the finding and arrangement of them are the creative act without which his inspiration would be incomplete and vague even to himself. If he rhymes, he takes rhyme, like language itself, as a condition of that act, one that is imposed upon him by his art, not by any fashion or convention; and unconsciously he adapts his phrasing and his very grammatical structure to his rhymes. This adaptation may be carried too far, as in the correct couplets of the 18th century, where a sentence nearly always comes to an end with the second rhyme. But verse in which the sentences are quite uncontrolled by the rhymes is just as tiresome, as we may see from the heroic poems of the 17th century, and as Keats discovered when in *Lamia* he refused himself the liberties he had taken in *Endymion* and profited by the example of Dryden.

If we choose at a venture any splendid piece of rhymed verse, whether regular or irregular, we shall certainly find that its rhymes exercise a constant

control both upon its grammatical structure and upon that beautiful phrasing which comes of the poet's effort to reconcile reason with emotion, grammatical with metrical demands.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a richer prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Here everything is controlled by the rhymes, and but for them what is said here must have been said quite differently. They give variety, not only to the metre, but also to the three sentences, all so short and so much alike in structure that in prose or rhymeless verse they would sound snappy and monotonous. But in this rhymed stanza how simple and pointed and concise is their eloquence. It may seem a paradox, but it is a certain fact that in all kinds of art, as practised by masters, elaborate form makes for simplicity of expression, and thus our simplest poetry is nearly all in rhyme. No blank verse, not even the dramatic blank verse of Shakespeare, is ever simple for long; and experience seems to prove that simple narrative poetry must be rhymed if it is to escape dullness and monotony. Homer's simplicity always becomes dull and monotonous when he is translated into blank verse; and we may be pretty sure that, if he had been an English poet, he would, like Chaucer, have written in rhyme. Matthew Arnold's arguments against a rhymed translation of Homer only amount to this, that it is impossible to find rhymes without perverting the sense. That may or may not be so; but, as he saw, it is far more impossible to translate Homer into blank verse without perverting the style and with it the quality of the emotion. It is strange that he should have rejected both rhyme and blank verse for a medium far more impossible than either,

for a rhymeless quantitative verse to which our ears and our language are still quite unaccustomed. Both are arguments.

The Times.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY "OLE LUK-OIE."

... What good can be expected from a man who knows not that the Commander of an army should keep himself as much as possible out of battle and combats which decide nothing, and that if occasion should oblige him to take part, he ought to see many fall before he suffer danger to approach himself.—*Polybius* (Hamilton's Translation).

CHAPTER I.

The sinking sun, seen through the overhanging cloud of dust and smoke, quickly lost its brilliancy, became copper-colored, and finally turned into a crimson disc before becoming obscured in the dust which hung over the battlefield. From the light which still remained in the sky it was evident that though hidden the sun had not yet set.

A dirty soldier in a once drab uniform stood in his niche of a zigzag trench. Bringing down his rifle, with which he had been doing some fancy shooting, in order to press in a fresh slip of cartridges, he noticed that the wood casing near the fore end was again smouldering. Without troubling to extract the cartridges he threw the weapon down, and stepping to one side took that from the clutch of a dead man on his left. The curious tinkling sound made when the gun fell and when he moved his feet was due to the cartridge-cases collected in the bottom of the trench, for fighting had been hard and continuous. Without delay, but without hurry, he adjusted the sights of the fresh rifle, saw that the magazine was charged, and again leant forward, his right cheek against the stock, his left temple cosily against a

boulder. No separate report could be distinguished in the general rattle along the trench, yet the action of his hand as he pressed trigger and opened and closed bolt showed that he was once more busy; he continued steadily firing. Here it was still a purely fire action, though at point-black range; but the fixed bayonets and their condition showed that these men did not rely entirely on "fire-effect."

Just as the sun really set there occurred one of those lulls which sometimes take place for no apparent reason over large sections of a prolonged battle. Both sides, as if by mutual consent to salute the departing day, ceased firing, and the sudden comparative silence was more disturbing than the preceding din. It was but a brief hush. Anxious to make the most of the remaining daylight, one fired here, another there, then two or three, then dozens, until the noise of separate shots, save the nearest, was again lost.

From the right, close by the trench in which the drab soldier was so busy shooting, there rang out a report, that double note which is never heard from behind a firearm, and with a soft cough the man subsided in a heap on to the jingling cartridges below. His rifle, supported squarely on the parapet, remained where it was.

"Now we've got it in the neck again!" philosophically grunted his neighbor—from the shape of the niche in which the dead man had been so snugly ensconced he could only have been hit from a shot fired from behind. "Those brutes on the right have

gone too soon and given us away, and the sergeant has kept us here too long. Thought he would. Pity the little lieutenant is dead!"

He was wrong—the "brutes" on the right could not help going. They had in their turn been "given away" by the chain of circumstances.

There was no anger in his voice, but a resigned annoyance, for the feelings of these men had become dulled. Desperate fighting mostly ending in retirement leads first to exasperation, then to uneasiness, and finally to dogged apathy, if not to soddenness. These men were now in a groove—the groove of duty: they fought all day, killed as many of the enemy as they could, and then, though it was understood to be an advance, nearly always retired at night; it had become mechanical. They had ceased to wonder when it would be their turn to attack: in fact, it would have been impossible at this stage to have got these men to assume the offensive; they had by now acquired the "retrogressive habit."

Several reports now sounded on the right, and one or two more men had fallen by the time that the sergeant in command made up his mind to go back. He whistled. The remnants of the company picked up their belongings mechanically, took the bandoliers and the bolts from the rifles of the dead, and then scrambled away among the boulders, the long grass, and the scrub, up the hillside.

Three men stayed behind, crouching in the deserted trench, which, now empty, looked all the more squalid in its litter of food, scraps of paper, and empty cardboard boxes. Two busied themselves burying some things like ration-tins with short pieces of cord attached under little mountains of the brass cartridge-cases; the third crawled along to the end till he came to the water-cans—one was still full. He put out his hand, then paused: he was an

educated, thoughtful man. Why should he spill it? *They* had been on the advance, fighting as they came, all day, and must be half dead from thirst. *They* had no trenches ready to retire to, no water placed handy for them. All *they* found to receive them was abandoned works half-filled with expended cartridges, expended human beings, and possibly a live grenade or two. Poor devils! Why should—? He heard a shout—"Come out, you fool; they're lit!" there was a fizzling noise. Habit was too strong; he did the right thing, and kicked over the can before he climbed out and followed the others. He had barely gone a hundred yards before the flashes and detonations of the exploding grenades overtook him. But the oncoming enemy had been caught before, and this time the shower of stones and whistling hail of brass cases had nothing but corpses upon which to vent its spite. A few moments later and two or three crouching forms stole through the twilight and crept into the trench. They went straight to the water-cans.

Only when the artificial gloom of the smoke and dust screen had been overcome by the darkness of night did the hellish noise finally abate. Even then the hush was relative, for wild bursts of musketry broke out in different directions as attempts were made by one side or the other to advance under cover of darkness, or when bodies of men, unnerved by days of continual strain, start in uncontrollable panic to shoot at nothing. The closeness of the two forces in some places was marked by the hoarse shouts of hand-to-hand combat and the detonations of grenades. Only now and then a gun was heard. At some distance from the firing lines the intermittent reports and explosions were all that could be distinguished, but from closer the thud of picks was audible—the metallic jar of their steel points ringing out against

flints, and the hoarse rasp of shovels. More prosaic work perhaps than much of that which had gone on before that day; but, to judge from the way in which weary men were digging after a long day's fighting, and from the fact that in some places where the soil was hard or the fire too hot they were using corpses as a parapet, it was not less urgent.

As soon as the light faded altogether from the sky, the yellow flames of different conflagrations glowed more crimson, and the great white eyes of the searchlights shone forth, their wandering beams lighting up now this, now that horror. Here and there in that wilderness of dead bodies—the dreadful “No-Man’s-Land” between the opposing lines—deserted guns showed up singly or in groups, glistening in the full glare of the beam or silhouetted in black against a ray behind. These guns were not “abandoned”—the enemy’s fire had stripped them of life as a flame strips a feather. There they remained inert and neutral, anybody’s or nobody’s property, the jumbled mass of dead around them showing what a magnetic inducement guns still offer for self-sacrifice, in spite of the fact that for artillery to lose guns is no longer necessarily considered the worst disgrace. Not far from the deserted zigzag trench stood two such batteries.

In proportion as the crash of fire-arms died away the less noisy but far more awful sound of a battlefield could be heard rising in a wall from all sides, especially from the space between the lines. All through that summer night the searchlights glared on this scene of human woe: all through that summer night tired and overwrought human beings dodged, dug, shot, stabbed; and died or fell asleep where they happened to be.

Except in details this little scene of retirement was the replica of many

others taking place among the low hills to right and left. All day the fight had swayed backwards and forwards with varying success, and now, not far off, the enemy, pressing forward a counter-stroke, had, after immense efforts, broken through, thus forcing the line on each side of them to curl back in self-defence. The troops were not fighting upon fresh ground, for it was a bare two days since they had advanced, and now in their retirement they were using their old trenches.

It was the close of a July day, and this was part of the central section of the battle which extended for thirty odd miles—the central section of the great attack which had lasted nearly a week, and to the minds of all the soldiers and many of the officers in the section had failed miserably. It had now degenerated from attack into defence, for during the last two days the movement had been retrograde and not at all what they had expected. To-day had been the culmination; they had gradually been forced back almost to their starting-point, and it seemed that the entire enemy’s army had been concentrated against them, that some one had blundered, and that they were to be left to bear the whole brunt of the attack. All their efforts had been futile, the appalling slaughter without result—the enemy were still pressing on harder. This much every man could see for himself, and it was under the circumstances natural that those quite ignorant of what was happening elsewhere should imagine that the whole army was beaten.

To the battery commander now lying wounded under an upturned wagon just on that knoll, it seemed the end of all things. He had lost nearly all his men, all his horses, and there—just over there—deserted save by corpses, were his guns. He could see them: no, he was no longer able to, for though he knew it not the mist of

death was before his eyes. For him the immediate surroundings were too strong: it seemed the end of the battle. The fighting of miles, his own personal hurt, were swallowed up in the sense of immediate, overwhelming disaster. Though an educated, scientific, broad-minded soldier, he died under the bitter sense of a great defeat. His comrade in misfortune, unwounded, perhaps felt the *débâcle* even more. The infantry brigadier, now resting in the same ravine as his men, was suffering similar mental agony. Of his splendid eighth brigade of strong battalions, the best in the army—nearly at full strength that morning,—he had left now after that fatal counter-attack one battalion and some remnants. Even the divisional commander, a little farther away, at the end of a telephone wire, was puzzled and at last perturbed. He realized that his was only a holding attack, and that his business was to occupy and to keep back the enemy whilst some one else struck. He had been holding for days, but was now no longer keeping them back. He knew full well that the battle would be decided miles away, and that relief would come from elsewhere — but when? When?

CHAPTER II.

At one corner of a lawn two men stood under a trellis-arch covered with a crimson Rambler. One was tall and elderly, with a slight stoop; the other, of middle-age, had an alert appearance, accentuated by the shortness of a tooth-brush moustache. Both were in officer's drab service dress; but though in uniform the taller of the two wore slung across his back—not a haversack, binoculars, revolver, or any martial trappings, but an ordinary fishing-creeel. On the ground at his feet lay something in a case which looked suspiciously like a rod and landing-net. While he conversed he flipped slowly

through the pages of a fat pocket-book. As the two stood there talking, the whole setting was suggestive of the happy opening scene of a play. The stagey effect of the two figures in the sunlit garden was heightened by the extreme neatness of the uniforms—seemingly brand new except for the faded emerald green of the gorget patches. The cheery tone of the conversation also sounded forced and not in accordance with the anxious faces.

The scene was real enough, the occasion intensely so; but the two officers were, to a certain extent, acting. They had to, in order to keep going.

"Wireless still working all right? No interference?" finally said the elder. His tone was almost querulous, and he still fidgeted with his pocket-book.

"Quite, sir," replied the junior shortly, for the hundredth time, his brusquerie a great contrast to the other's slightly peevish tone. He was a specimen of the type of officer who is apt to confuse curtness and smartness; moreover, he had this day been much badgered by his superior. In spite also of his evident efforts to maintain the ideal demeanor of the perfect staff-officer, he was unable to entirely restrain his surprise at the fishing get-up.

"Well, let me know at once when they are ready to open the ball. You know where I am to be found?"

"In your office, sir." With that the man with the tooth-brush moustache clicked his heels exaggeratedly, saluted and turned to go. But, his eyes still fixed on the other's equipment, he awkwardly hit the trellis with his hand and brought down a shower of the crimson petals all over his senior. Greatly mortified at his clumsiness he was about to apologize, when the General—he was a general—who had noticed and enjoyed the cause of his precise staff-officer's discomfiture, remarked kindly—

"Crowned with roses! An omen, I

hope. *That comes of not keeping your eyes in the boat. Yes,*"—he held out rod and book and looked down at himself,—*"I am going fishing. I found these lying up in the house, no doubt left on purpose by the worthy owner, and it's a pity to waste them. I am going to take a rest from the office—a rest-cure for us all, eh? You will find me by the fallen log near the bend, over there,"*—he pointed down the garden,—*"let me know of any developments at once. By the way, what do you think of this for to-day?"* and he gently pulled out of his book something which glistened in the sun and curled itself lovingly round his finger. It looked like a violin-string with a feather on the end of it. He gazed up at the sky. *"Too sunny, d'ye think?"*

"Don't ask me, sir," was the reply. *"I'm no fisherman."*

The General did not answer: he stood quite still, apparently absorbed in his little book and the specimen he had extracted. He stayed thus for some minutes, staring at his hand and the gaudy little bundle of feather and silk in it, but he did not see them; his gaze was focussed far away, and his face wrinkled in thought. A petal fell on to the book and broke the spell. Starting, he said hastily, as if to excuse his momentary lapse, *"Yes, I must have a try for that monster."* The effect of the speech, however, was lost, for the other, with mingled feelings of relief and wonder, had noiselessly walked away over the grass and vanished within the house. He was alone.

A kindly-looking man, he had a thoughtful face and a gentle manner which were at any rate in great matters rather misleading, for it was his fixed principle of life to endeavor to act on reason and not on impulse. This theory of action was based on an acute sense of proportion. Indeed, so frequently did he preach the importance of

proportion in war, that he was commonly known amongst his personal staff as "Old Rule of Three."

Taking off his cap he carefully hooked the fly into the soft green band above the peak. Then he picked up his rod and net and strode almost jauntily down the sloping lawn, his feet rustling through the swathes of cut grass lying about. It was possibly owing to the drag of the grass on his feet—he did not look a robust man,—but by the time he had reached a point out of sight of the house there was no spring in his listless steps.

It was afternoon of that same day in July, and the garden was looking its best. The shadow of the great cedar on the lawn had almost reached the flower-border near the house where the stocks glowed in the sunlight, filling the air with warm scent. From the house, itself ablaze with purple clematis and climbing roses, the garden sloped down towards the trees at the end of the lawn, and through the trees could be seen the sparkle of a river and the shimmering water meadows beyond. Between borders of aspen and alder flowed the stream, its calm surface only broken here and there by the rings of a lazily rising fish or by the silvery wake left by some water-vole swimming across. The meadows on the far side and the gentle hillside opposite were bathed in sunlight, and the distant cawing of rooks was the only sound to disturb the afternoon quiet which lay "softer than sleep" over the landscape.

The General passed through the dappled shadows under the trees, and wandered for a short distance up-stream until he came to a little clearing in the shade, where he sat down on a rotting log. Impressed, perhaps, by the peace of the scene, he sat quite still. So motionless was he that presently a brood of young dabchicks on a voyage of discovery began to peep out from among

the broad-leaved weeds near his feet. He did not notice them. His thoughts had again wandered far away. His anxious face showed that they were not pleasant.

Suddenly from the dark pool beneath the knotted roots of the hawthorn opposite, where the cloud of midges was dancing, there was a loud liquid "plop." He started. When he looked up he was too late to see anything except a swirl and some quickly spreading rings on the water, but his apathy disappeared. In one minute his rod was out and fixed up; in two the fly was off his cap, and his reel was purring in little shrieks as he hauled out line in great jerks; in three he was crouching well back behind an osier, watching his fly spin round in an eddy as it meandered down-stream. The light on the hill grew more rosy, the shadows deepened and crept across the water, and yet he fished on—now without hat or coat. The fits of absence of mind or of depression to which he had seemed to be a prey had quite vanished.

Who would have guessed that this man crouching there in the gloaming was the Commander-in-Chief of a large army, at that moment engaged in one of the greatest battles of history? Indeed, the battle was now well past the opening gambit, was nearing its final phase, and yet the man responsible for one side was calmly fishing; not only fishing, but evidently miles away from the front. In no way did the fragrant garden or the little stream show the trail of war.

An untrained observer would probably have been moved to indignation that such a thing should be possible; that while the fate of his army hung upon his actions, upon his decisions, the commander should be engaged in sport; that while hundreds of thousands were fighting and meeting death in its most violent form, or toiling under the most

awful strain—that of warfare,—the leader should, with a chosen few, apparently shirk the dangers and hardships and enjoy a secure but ignoble ease. Surely of all human enterprises a battle most needed the presence of the guiding brain on the spot. Even the most luxurious of the successful commanders of history, however great the barbaric splendor of their pomp and state, led their own troops in the combat and showed no lack of personal bravery. If a Socialist, the observer would only have seen in this picture another illustration of the shameful difference between the circumstances of the Classes. Here was the aristocratic officer amusing himself in comfort and safety, whilst the private soldier was being made food for powder! It was surely the climax of that worship of Sport which was eating its way into the hearts of so many nations. For a general to be so engaged at such a crisis was an outrage: it suggested Nero. Possibly the final verdict would have been that this was only one more "sign of the times," an especially glaring example of the growing deterioration of the race and of the decline of the Military Spirit amongst civilized nations. The verdict would have been incorrect, for this curious scene was not due to the growing impotence of any national fibre, nor was it due to the irresponsible vagaries of an individual degenerate. It was due to the fact that the advisers of the nation had some acquaintance with modern war and a profound knowledge of the limitations of human nature. The absence of the Commander-in-Chief from the front, his presence at such a spot, the very detachment of his occupation, were part and parcel of a deliberate policy, worked out by the same calculating brains that had worked out the national strategy.

Those who were responsible for the army, perhaps the finest instrument of

destruction that the world had ever seen, were well aware that it was an instrument, and not, as it has so often been miscalled, a war machine: that an organization, from top to bottom of which allowance has continually to be made for the weaknesses of human nature, resembles a machine less than most things. Consequently the material and psychological aspects of the art of war and the action and reaction of the one upon the other were fully recognized. From bugler to generalissimo, for every human being liable to stress, every effort was made to mitigate the results of such stress. This principle was carried out consistently all through the army, but reached its greatest development in reference to the commander. In value he did not represent an individual: he represented an army corps, two army corps—who could estimate his value? If the right man in the right place, his brain, his character, his influence were the greatest asset of the nation. It was recognized as essential that the commander should be in the best physical condition, and it was no part of the scheme that he should share the hardships of the troops, or any hardships. Even at the risk of the sneers of the thoughtless and ignorant, even against his natural tendencies, he was to be preserved from every avoidable danger which might lead to his loss, and from every physical discomfort or exposure which might injure his health and so affect his judgment.

It was recognized that the days when any one man could keep a grasp of the progress of the whole of a battle by means of personal observation had gone, for modern fights may cover scores of miles, and no one man upon the scene could hope to obtain more than an infinitesimal portion of information by the employment of his own powers of observation. Even if at the front, he would be dependent for

any comprehensive view of events upon intelligence conveyed from other portions of the field. Indeed, the closer to the front the less in amount would he see, though what did come within his view might be very clear. Probably far too clear, for however well trained, however experienced a general he does not fight great actions every day, and would be liable, to the detriment perhaps of the main issue, to be influenced unduly by the near proximity of really minor events of which he happened to be an eyewitness. Indeed, were there not cases recorded when commanders, who should have been thinking in scores of thousands, had allowed their judgment to be warped by events concerning mere hundreds or dozens, but which were witnessed from too close? Better, therefore, that the commander should receive all his information and be placed in a position where he could reduce it to a common denominator and weigh the whole, uninfluenced by a personal knowledge of any separate portion of it. It was a question of mental optics: for the larger picture was required the longer focus. Isolation from sight did not mean isolation from immediate information, and it could be better acted on if received in an undisturbed place.

These considerations were thought to outweigh the objection against them that men will fight better for a general whom they can see, a close leader, than for one who remains aloof, safe in the rear, a vague personality. It was argued that the actual presence of the commander had not its former well proved moral value, for he could at best be only in one small section, where his presence might be known to a few: that the men of huge conscript armies had not that personal affection for the chief which used to be the case, and that his presence or absence would not influence them to the same extent even if they knew of it,

which would be unlikely: provided that their chief organized victories, the men would worship him whether they saw him or not. There was indeed one objection to this theory of the detachment of the thinking brain from the actual combat. When this brain was linked to a highly strung temperament, it might be more disturbed by the pictures evoked by the imagination than by anything that could be actually seen.

It was partially so in this case. The man fishing was fully in agreement with these principles, but did not find them easy to carry into execution. To keep away from the front in itself needed a continuous strain. It needed far more moral courage than to lead the troops, for it was certain to be misunderstood of many. Though he realized that a large part of his duty lay in maintaining himself fit and calm, and though he was trying loyally to keep his mind detached for the big questions, it was an effort both for him and his staff—hence the false note noticeable in the interview in the garden, and his strange reveries when alone. Even he, with his trained mind and experience, almost a faddist in his sense of proportion, could not keep his thoughts from the struggle being waged miles away. Everything was arranged, and his time for action would not come till the great enveloping, flanking attack now behind the enemy made itself felt, and yet he was worrying in spite of himself. He was conscious of beginning to interfere and to fuss his subordinates in their work, he was equally conscious of the fatal results of such a course. Hence the borrowing of the fishing-tackle.

Though an ardent fisherman, it was not until the big trout rose that he obtained the mental distraction he sought. Then all thoughts of war, battle, flanking attack, and possibilities left him in a flash, and his mind rested while he pitted his skill against the

cunning of the fish—an old veteran himself. His present duty was to keep his own mind clear, and not cloud the mind of his subordinates. He was trying to do it.

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile the map-room on the ground-floor at the side of the house facing the trees was already growing dark, much to the annoyance of its occupants. There were four officers working in this room, also coatless and absorbed, though not quite so pleasantly occupied as their General, whipping the stream down below. Two of them were standing up, reading aloud at intervals from pieces of paper, and two were sprawling on all-fours over a map laid out on the floor. Occasionally a non-commissioned officer brought in a fresh budget of papers. The map, too large to be hung up, was mounted on linoleum or some similar material which held the pins of the colored flags with which it was studded. According to the intelligence read out, the two men on the floor moved the flags or stuck in fresh ones. Their attitude was somewhat undignified for the brain of an army. It needed no glance at the green patches on the coats hung over the pictures to show that these four were officers of the Great General Staff, for they addressed each other by their Christian names or more often as "Old boy," a sign in all civilized armies of the freemasonry and co-ordination of thought acquired by young staff-officers who have been contemporaries at the war schools. They were all juniors and, in a military sense, were now only "devilling."

The atmosphere of the room was not only warm, it appeared to be somewhat electrically charged. There was little conversation, much grunting, and many a muttered oath from the crawlers. The only man who talked was a stout

fellow whose garments were strained almost to the limit of elasticity if not to breaking-point, by his position. As he stretched to place a flag and then crouched back to the edge of the map, his fleshy neck was forced against his collar and bulged out in a roll from which the short hair stood out like bristles from a brush. He was certainly stout, but, far from being choleric, appeared the most cheerful of the party. At last he looked up.

"All done?"

"Yes, for a bit," was the reply of the man who had been reading out to him, so he at once heaved himself up with surprising agility, and, adjusting his collar, mopped his forehead with a bandana handkerchief of exotic hues.

"I say, old boy, it's getting beastly dark. What about a light eh?" He looked up at the swinging oil-lamp in the centre of the ceiling.

"You are always wanting something," snapped the sour-faced man near the door. "It's barely dark yet. Orderly!"

A soldier appeared, and the lamp was lighted with some difficulty owing to the position of the map. The light showed up the faces of the party all shining with heat, and all, except the fat man's, worried in expression. His was round, and, though now congested from unwonted exertion, was eminently good-humored. He looked the type of person who proposes "The Ladies" and always shouts "One cheer more," on principle.

"Phew," he whistled; "it's hot!"

Unabashed by the absolute lack of response he continued: "Thank God, it's nearly over! I say, what would you fellows say if you heard the tinkle of ice against glass coming along the passage now, and if the orderly appeared with a tray full of long tumblers, big green beakers of Bohemian glass full to the brim of hock cup with the bubbles rocketing up and clinging round

the ice and cucumber and winking at you? Eh?" He made a guzzling and indescribably vulgar sound with his lips, indicative of lusciousness.

"Why the Bohemian glass? Why hock cup? Give me beer, beer in a mug or a bucket, and a child could play with me."

"Confound it! Shut up both of you!" said a third in exasperation. "How the devil can we do this if you will talk? Thank Heaven here is some more stuff coming. That will keep you busy for a bit." As he spoke a fresh budget of papers was brought in. The fat man turned to his former reader—

"Your turn to squirm, I think, old boy. Down you go and this hero will intone for a bit. Interesting work this: we are certainly in the know, and should certainly be able to look at things dispassionately enough: but it is hardly responsible. We might as well be licking stamps or——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake keep quiet," repeated the same officer as before.

"All right, all right. It's lucky some of us can put a cheerful face on matters. What's the good of looking like a lot of mutes, even if it is to be our own funeral? Besides me, the only philosophic man in this army is old Rule of Three himself, with his eternal cry of 'Proportion, gentlemen, proportion!'—God bless him!"

"He's been ratty enough the last few hours. I don't know what's come over him," one growled without looking up. "He's been fussing and worriting like any other man."

"Yes, he has," was the reply. "But it's only been while he has been waiting, with nothing to do, for the moment of the general advance. Anyway, thank Heaven he's let us alone this sweaty afternoon. I wonder what he's been after."

There was no reply, and the work continued with intervals of waiting for messages and occasional interludes of

grumbling, for even in this sheltered spot there were drawbacks. Perhaps a hand was placed on the point of a flag-pin, or perhaps one of the candles stuck in bottles all round the edge of the floor—in order to obviate the heavy shadow cast by the crawling men's bodies—was kicked over by a careless heel.

The stout officer went on reading items of news in a steady voice, while his companion either made some alteration or did not, according to the information received.

"Two batteries of the 25th Artillery Brigade and three battalions of the—something Brigade—I can't read the number,—I do wish they'd write their numbers instead of putting figures," he continued in a monotone.

"Well?" said the flagger.

"It may be a three or it may be a five; I can't tell which," was the casual reply.

"Yes; but what is it? What has happened?"

"Practically wiped out," in a calm voice.

"Where?"

"By the bridge—there, square F 17,—by your hand, yes, that's it."

The flagger carefully examined his flags. "It can't be the third or the fifth: they are miles away. Is the place correct?"

"Yes; there's no mistake there—'south of bridge,' it says."

"Then it must be the twenty-first, or the fifteenth, or—hold on—what's this?—the eighth brigade? The eighth is closest to the bridge; yes, of course it must be the eighth,—an eight and a three—"

"My God!" was the startling interruption from the reader.

All those in the room looked up; but they were so accustomed to the speaker's garrulity that they made no remark. His tone and his expression, however, quite spoilt the rôle of philoso-

pher which he had claimed; his mouth was gaping, and he was feeling his collar nervously.

The flagger waited some time silently: he wanted facts. He finally said, "Well, let's have it."

"Old boy, it's awful!"

"Yes, of course it is; but it is no more awful than crowds of other messages that we have been getting. After all, what are two batteries and three battalions? Look at this!"—he pointed to a large mass of their own flags well round behind one flank of the enemy's position. "They must just be beginning to feel it now. They're beginning to feel something nibbling at them behind, as it were."

"Yes, yes, that's all right enough; but this news is awful. Man—my regiment—that brigade—my own battalion!"

There was a chorus of sympathetic noises, varying from "ah!" to "poor old boy," and mere whistling.

"But your battalion may be the one which escaped."

"Not a chance of it. You don't know my battalion, or the old Colonel. He always was a perfect devil to be in the thick of things, and he will have been in the thick of this. Poor old chap!—poor fellows! And I here all the time! It's awful!" He blew his nose hard several times. The flagger did nothing. As a matter of fact, he was waiting in sympathetic silence for the other to complete the message. He felt for him; indeed he himself might be the next to hear that the unit in which he had, in a military sense, been born and bred had been destroyed.

"Well, man! why the deuce don't you move the flags?" said the late philosopher.

"I am waiting for more. There is no reason to move anything for that."

"No reason! Good God! what more do you want? Two whole batteries! Three whole battalions! My batt—"

The thick stuttering tones were cut short by a voice from the open French window. The General was standing there calm and smiling. Voices had been so raised that no one had heard him come up. Over one arm he carried his coat; from the other hand hung some glistening object. Those in the room, astonished at his appearance and fascinated by this object, which appeared to be a fish, remained open-mouthed, silent.

"What is it?" he repeated.

Blackwood's Magazine.

He was informed.

"Where?"

"Just stand clear," he continued, and, from the spot pointed out, his gaze swept slowly over the whole battle area until it finally rested on the mass of flags representing his great flanking movement. With his right hand, from which hung a two-pound trout, he pointed to it, and said quietly—

"Proportion, gentlemen, proportion! No! it's not worth moving a flag."

TOWERED CITIES.

The "skyscrapers" of New York have already begun to outlive a good deal of their disrepute, and indeed to command the credit that belongs to all strong and original building. Many of the lankest of these buildings are beyond a doubt basely and irretrievably utilitarian; but from the beginning there were architects who perceived that "skyscrapers" were inevitable, and who set to work to design the most scientific, and architecturally the most noble, buildings which the circumstances permitted. This, after all, is the true and common, if not the final, function of architecture,—to produce the most scholarly design which is appropriate to the uses the building will be put to, and which abides by the limitations of site and cost imposed by the architect's employers. The limitations in New York have long been strict, and they daily become stricter. The city is built upon an island from which escape can only be made by bridges, tunnels and steamers. The pressure at the business end of the city, which is at the point of the island, and therefore on the edge of the water, is intense, and the value of building-land is fabulous. Geographical and financial reasons both prevent the business houses from expanding horizontally, and

therefore they must extend vertically, —towards the sky. When the necessity for this is recognized universally—and we should think it almost is by this time—a new era is certain to come in which taste will undergo a considerable revolution. The "skyscraper" will be more and more praised as a characteristic product of the American genius, and it will be judged in practice, not by the mere fact that it is a "skyscraper," but by the kind of "skyscraper" it is. An illustrated article which is published in the November number of *Putnam's Monthly* gives a very good idea of the variations of theme which can be imposed upon the invariable factor of height. "The City of Dreadful Height," if it appears in future as a great multiple of the buildings illustrated in Mr. J. B. Gilder's article, will positively have, as we cannot hesitate to say, a very distinct majesty of its own.

The great Singer building in New York—nicknamed the Singerhorn—was finished not long ago. It has forty-five stories. This is a notable increase of height on the Park Row Syndicate building, which a few years since astounded the world with its twenty-six stories. Londoners may try to measure the Singerhorn by thinking of

Queen Anne's Mansions, our nearest approach to a "skyscraper," which have at the highest part only fourteen stories. The cupola of the Singerhorn is six hundred feet above Broadway. But forty-five stories are by no means the limit. While the Singerhorn was being built the Metropolitan Life Assurance Company glorified its original plans for a new building, and announced that it would build fifty stories, and that its tower would be nearly a hundred feet higher than the Singerhorn. The Metropolitan is already in existence, and still the competition continues. The Equitable Life Assurance Society, not content with fifty stories, promises a building of sixty-two,—half as high again as the Singerhorn. Where is the sky-ward race to end? Mr. Gilder says:—"I, for one, should not be amazed were the next few years to bring into being an office-building of nearly a hundred stories, rising twelve hundred feet from base to cupola. Already there is report of a thousand-foot building, to occupy in part the site of the Mills building in Broad Street; and the *Scientific American* has pointed out that the present local Building Code, by permitting a pressure of fifteen tons per square foot under the footings on a rock bottom, where caisson foundations are used, implicitly authorizes the construction of a two-thousand-foot building of the Singer type, capable of subdivision into a hundred and fifty stories, each thirteen feet four inches high." But that, as Mr. Gilder says, may be dismissed as a *reductio ad absurdum*. It might be thought that the tallest "skyscrapers" already existing are not safe, but no building of this kind is exactly what it appears to be. It is a great steel cage, simply clothed with stone, brick, or marble; it is not so heavy, or so top-heavy, as one might suppose; and the foundations go proportionately deep below the surface. The invisible part is not nearly so large

as the submerged part of an iceberg, but it is still an essential and most important part of the construction. It is only twenty years ago that the first offices were reared upon the scientific foundation which has made all the subsequent "skyscrapers" possible. And in these twenty years the skyline of New York has been transformed out of all recognition. It is as though an Alpine range had been thrust upwards by some slow volcanic pressure. Mr. Gilder says:—"As to the impressiveness of the present skyline as seen from the East River, the Hudson or the Bay, there can be no question. Nothing of its kind exists elsewhere. . . . The immense masses of masonry, hundreds of feet high, above which ascend towers and turrets conspicuously higher, produce an effect grandiose in the extreme. At night, one seems to be approaching a city set upon a hill, the innumerable lights producing, here and there, the effect of winding roads leading upward from the level waterside. And visible for many a mile, above all other objects, the shaft of the Singer building, illuminated within and without by countless lights, glows like a lily in the pool of night."

Recently we wrote of the Venetian effect of this lofty city as the traveller approaches it from the sea. It is perhaps the nearest modern counterpart of what ancient Tyre was with its tall buildings,—tall for the very reason that the New York buildings are tall. But we said nothing of the breaks and decorations of the tops of the houses as they are seen against the sky. It is obvious that the regulated architecture of the future will concern itself much with this variegated line, for if the buildings were allowed to rise to a uniform level, sunshine and fresh air would be shut out for ever. As a consumer of light and air the "skyscraper" is already enough of a vampire. Mad-

ison Square is almost without sunshine in the winter. Within the last few weeks a Committee has been appointed in New York to revise the Building Code, and it is expected that a limit to height will be recommended. Mr. Flagg, the architect of the Singerhorn, has a definite proposal to make, apparently with the approval of most of his brother-architects. This is that no "façade shall rise more than one hundred feet above the street; and that only one quarter of the lot on which a building stands shall be covered by any part of the building which rises to a greater height than this; and that such higher part shall come no nearer the front line of the building than that line comes to the curb." To the height of the tower itself he would fix no bounds. The meaning is clear. The dead skyline of the future city will not rise extravagantly high, but above it, like particular peaks upon a chain of mountains, will be towers and domes and pinnacles, through which the sun may shine and the breezes blow. New York will be a towered city. And then of course this style of architecture will be imitated all over the world. It is really the legitimate product of peculiar conditions, and it will be illegitimate wherever those conditions do not exist. But that will not be thought to matter. Have not unsuitable styles of architecture always been transplanted? Do not people who live in hilly countries gravely set up obelisks in their valleys, though obelisks were designed originally to be signs and memorials in flat deserts? But to New York, at all events, will belong the fame of originality among all the towered cities of the world. The towers of New York will be reckoned as characteristic as the minarets of a Mohammedan city, as the bell-towers of Russia, as the pillar-towers of India, as the peels of Scottish fortresses, as the pagodas of China, or as the campaniles of Italy.

The Spectator.

This is a very attractive prospect in its way, but the disadvantages give one pause. At an exhibition in New York lately the models and diagrams demonstrating the conditions of the congested population were quite a "sensational." When humanity is strung upwards towards the clouds in increasing numbers is it likely that these conditions can be easily improved? We need not spend sympathy on those who will live at the top like rooks in lofty elms. Their offices and habitations will sway a few feet this way and that in gales, and they will be told, like visitors to the Eiffel Tower, that this elasticity in a steel structure is the proof of stability. These people, too, will breathe a free and fresh air. But those who live in the dense and contaminated strata below will sacrifice much to convenience. Will every member of this population in layers have the necessary amount of cubic air-space?

Express and slow elevators are already familiar in New York. The system of "non-stop" journeys will have to be extended. No one, we should think, would go up to the sixtieth floor in a slow elevator. But some day may there not be yet a further architectural development? We wonder whether a man who lives on, say, the fortieth floor will always have to descend to the street to call upon a neighbor who lives on the fortieth floor opposite? The height of the houses will itself be the length of a respectable street. It is not beyond the bounds of imagination that light bridges will be thrown across from building to building, say, at the middle and high levels. The towns would then be interlaced like the masts of a ship with rigging. There would be unlimited possibilities for graceful lines and pleasing adornment in the American architecture of that distant day.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S RECORD.

It is fortunate for Mr. Roosevelt that he is not afraid of repeating himself. America progresses, but very slowly; her Constitution is for the most part an elaborate conspiracy for doing nothing; much of the energy which under the British or Cabinet system of government is given up directly to the work of legislation spends itself in the United States in friction among the various bodies, the Executive, the Legislature, and the Judiciary, that were deliberately created to check and balance one another; nobody has even a comparatively free hand; everybody hampers everybody else; the President and Congress instead of being coadjutors are authorities so mutually independent as to be almost hostile; each organ of government is made a jealous observer and restrainer of the others; and the path to the Statute-book is at all times obstructed and not infrequently blocked by the rivalries of a triad of authorities. We do not say that the system is at all a bad one. Legislation is the bane of most democracies, and a good case might easily be made out to show that the world's largest democracy has earned the world's gratitude by making legislation difficult. Many great questions, the currency question for instance, which under a more positive form of government would have been settled long ago, have in America been merely tinkered at. On the other hand, many rash schemes of legislation have been squashed, many hot-headed Presidents held in check, many successive Congresses "taught their place." But we must always bear in mind that while the administrative powers of an American President are in many ways above those of the Kaiser or the Tsar, his influence on legislation is less direct and effective than that of a British Prime

Minister. His Messages are merely expressions of personal opinion. There is no guarantee that they will be acted upon; there is every probability that nine out of every ten of his recommendations will be ignored. Mr. Roosevelt has been by far the most aggressive President in American history. None of his predecessors, except possibly Washington in his first term of office, has approached him in popularity, and none has been so ardently supported by the articulate opinion of the American masses. Throughout his incumbency of the White House, moreover, both Houses of Congress have been controlled by his own party. Yet with everything in his favor he has almost wholly failed to write his policies on the Statute-book. Only one measure of first-rate importance stands to his credit, and some even of its provisions have already been declared unconstitutional. It is not Mr. Roosevelt's fault. It is the fault of the system he directs. But it explains why we still find the President in 1908 hammering away at the same subjects that he was dilating on six and seven years ago, using the same arguments and almost the same phraseology, and marking time with the same emphatic stamp of his manacled feet.

If, then, we are not to look for Mr. Roosevelt's achievements in the Statute-book, where are we to search for them? The answer is easy, but it is also vague. It is perhaps only in the sphere of administrative action that we can lay our hands on any definite results. When President Roosevelt entered the White House he found the army the playground of political favorites, the navy torn with personal dissensions, and the civil service of the country in a state of demoralization such as had not been known since the

days of Grant. It has been on the whole his greatest achievement to have knocked the bottom out of the spoils system and to have dissolved the sinister and debasing league between party politics and the public services. He has erected and enforced a new standard of public duty and honesty that has gradually permeated the national consciousness. It may indeed be said without the least exaggeration that in every branch of the Administration the impress of his resolute character has made itself felt in the direction of an efficiency and a public-spiritedness where eight years ago all was slackness and "politics." This is a very substantial achievement. But though it is possible to describe, it is not easy to assess the value of what Mr. Roosevelt has attempted and accomplished in other spheres. If one were to say that he has proved himself a great moralizing and uplifting force, the judgment would be accurate but at the same time most difficult to substantiate by tangible evidence. But nobody doubts that the tone of business and political life throughout the United States has been immensely elevated by the power of Mr. Roosevelt's influence and personality. Nobody doubts that political prominence and commercial success, thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, are viewed to-day from an ethical standpoint widely different from the tolerant acquiescence of a decade ago. The President has been a voice for righteousness of unescapable volume. He has been the most powerful of the many influences that are reinstating honesty in the first place in American regard. The sophisticated Eastern States may have smiled at his eternal insistence on the eternal verities, and we will own to having been somewhat bored by them ourselves. But after all, to realize the platitudes of morality is to come pretty near realizing the ideal. America had

forgotten them or thrust them out of sight, until Mr. Roosevelt with inexhaustible iteration came to remind her of their paramount importance; and if there is to-day in the United States a wholly new attitude adopted by the people towards corruption in public life and sharp dealing in private life, Mr. Roosevelt and his homilies have largely to be thanked for it.

But the President has done more than stir the public conscience. He has accustomed his countrymen to take a broader view of politics, both at home and abroad. On more than one occasion he has played in international affairs a part that the parochialism of America would never have allowed his predecessors to assume. If the United States is to-day at work on the Panama Canal, actively concerned in the Far East, building a navy that will eventually be second only to our own, and altogether reconciled to the responsibilities of Imperialism, the credit is Mr. Roosevelt's before it is any man's. In the same way he has enlarged the political consciousness of the American people in relation to more than one critical phase of internal development. He has brought on to the carpet of popular discussion a vast variety of subjects that formerly were the exclusive themes of speculative economists. He is the first American President to rouse his countrymen to a sense of the prodigious and prodigal waste of their natural resources by reckless exploitation. He is the first American President who has resolutely but temperately grappled with the problem of the Trusts, and who has sought to bring under public control or supervision whatever is excessive and against the common weal in the powers of organized wealth. It is his merit to have fired the first decisive shot in the campaign of the people against the plutocracy. None of his predecessors, while holding the bal-

ance between capital and labor with such unflinching evenness, has shown a more enlightened sensitiveness to the inequalities and injustices of a social system that exploits child labor and makes next to no legal provision for enforcing the liability of employers or compensating workmen for accidents. No President, again, has done more to educate his countrymen out of the complacent notion that the American Constitution is an all-perfect instrument of government, and that its amendment is both unnecessary and impossible; nor has any President in-

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sisted so courageously on the defects in American civilization and the American polity, such defects, for example, as lynching, the maladministration of justice, and the immunity of individual and corporate wrong-doers in the twilight zone that separates Federal from State authority. Mr. Roosevelt may not have been able to carry out many of the policies he has initiated, but he has given an impulse to ways of thinking about life and politics that will ultimately bear abundant fruit in a transformed and regenerated nation.

THE GERMAN ŒDIPUS.

The Kaiser's too famous conversation in the *Daily Telegraph* has been at least illuminating. Like a ray from an arc lamp suddenly turned upon a dark corner, it has brought many hidden things to the light. Amid all the mischief done much good may eventually ensue. To some Englishmen the present perturbation in Germany may give new and truer views of the condition of that country. They may see reason to revise the estimate current in certain quarters, and to consider the position of Germany with a little of the understanding that leads to sympathy.

The world, curiously enough, has become the laboratory of constitutional experiment during the past few years. One nation after another in the East and West is striving to reform its political system so as to bring it closer to what is supposed to be our own. The Mother of Parliaments, it seems, is still fruitful, nor is the tale of the generation of the children sprung from her as yet told. Look where we will and we find that the cry of the peoples is "Let us be even as England is! Let us have self-government, constitutional

rule, genuine representation, true ministerial responsibility." Strange that it should be so! We ourselves in these latter days are not too enthusiastic over our own institutions; we look upon them with a languid and chastened admiration.

The House of Commons, muddling along under its flood of vague talk and its load of dull business; the queer little conclave, so curiously made up, so oddly assorted, we call the Cabinet; the ultimate decision by the gambling chances of a general election: these things serve their purpose and we let them be. Sometimes we think that if we could start afresh we might arrange matters differently. But to the outside world they are still a pattern. In Turkey, in Russia, in Persia, in Egypt, yes, even in Ireland and in India, constitutionalism on the English model is that for which many men are striving, for which some are willing to risk liberty and life.

Now the Emperor's searchlight shows us Germany embarked upon the same adventure. The "Kaiser crisis" is not merely personal. It began that way; it rapidly developed into a question of

political reconstruction. From the actual words and statements of the Emperor in the *Daily Telegraph* manifesto attention has been diverted to the wider issue that underlies them. Not often has so deep a stirring of national opinion been witnessed in our days. It is as if the majority of Germans had become conscious for the first time of the full meaning of that monarchical absolutism round which the Empire has been built. They begin to understand, as perhaps they never did before, the significance and the consequences of personal government.

That kind of rule is not the invention of the present Emperor. He is the inheritor of tradition as old as the beginning of the process which gradually transformed the Margravate of Brandenburg into the German Empire. The Prussian sovereigns have always been kings by right divine: for Prussia, indeed, has been the creation of the house of Hohenzollern, and it exists as a nation through the achievements and the successes in war and diplomacy of that family. Unlike the other German States, unlike even Austria, the northern kingdom has never received a constitution through popular pressure or the force of circumstances. Parliamentary government was not extorted from the Hohenzollerns by fear of the people, by insurrection, or by the necessity of assuaging national discontent. Prussia stood firm through the turmoil of 1848, and the limited Parliamentary system, with its oligarchical electorate and irresponsible ministry, was a free grant from the Crown. "The constitution of Prussia," said the Emperor-King, William I., in a rescript published as late as January, 1882, "is the expression of the monarchical tradition of this country, whose development is based on the living relationships of its kings to the people. These relationships cannot be transferred from the king to an ap-

pointed minister since they attach to the person of the king."

The monarchical character of the government is fortified, not merely by tradition, but by a franchise which gives predominant power to the ultra-conservative elements, to the feudal aristocracy and the landed classes. When the events of 1871 made the Prussian King the German Emperor, he naturally brought to his new office the Hohenzollern principles and practice. He was and is the personal head of the federated States, not elected or appointed, but exercising his function because he is the chief of the dynasty whose acts rendered the *Deutsche Reich* a reality. But the situation was veiled by the creation of the Reichstag, which is a bad compromise between autocracy and democracy. It is elected by manhood suffrage; it is supposed to control legislation and the national finances. Yet it has no real power over the Executive, it cannot appoint or remove Ministers, and it can do little more than criticise and obstruct. In foreign affairs and military policy it is powerless; the destinies of the nation can be settled without its concurrence and without its knowledge. Deprived of real responsibility there is no coherent system of party government, for every party is conscious of the fact that it will not have the opportunity of carrying its measures into effect. Thus the assembly splits up into groups, and the Emperor's ministers are reduced to forming loose and precarious combinations in order to pass their bills and obtain supplies.

The Federal Council, which represents the States, is in some respects a more valid body than the Reichstag. It is highly significant that at a meeting of the Council's Committee for Foreign Affairs, held during the present crisis under the presidency of the Bavarian Premier, unanimous opposition was displayed to the developments of

the absolutist régime. Every member of the Committee declared that the other States of the Empire were alarmed at the manner in which the foreign policy of Germany was controlled by the autocratic King of Prussia. Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and Mecklenburg concurred in the protest; Bavaria, the second State of the Empire, has even asked for definite guarantees against the independent action of the Kaiser in foreign affairs. But they do not as yet suggest the abolition of the Chancellorship and the institution of a genuinely responsible Imperial Ministry. And here we strike one of Germany's fundamental difficulties. The *Reich* is a union of unequal elements; it is an ill-matched team that is yoked to the Imperial chariot. The South German kingdoms have constitutions, which, by comparison with that of their stronger partner, may be called Liberal; they have no love for Prussian methods, for militarism, for absolutism, for the all-pervading activity of the bureaucracy. But they are always deeply conscious of the overpowering weight of the greater monarchy. Even Bavaria and Saxony look very small beside Prussia with its huge capital, its broad lands, its wealth, its energy, and its thirty-eight millions of people; Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse, feel themselves dwarfed by the same comparison. It is not particularism so much as the desire to preserve their own interesting and cherished identity which renders all the southern peoples unwilling to transform the clumsy federation into a true political organism. The Chancellorship was Bismarck's device for establishing a great Imperial office representative of the States as a whole. Englishmen may think that the obvious solution for the difficulties now revealed is to turn this functionary into the head of an Imperial Cabinet responsible to the Reichstag. But the minor States may fear that in such a case he

would inevitably be the nominee of Prussia and the bond-slave of the Prussian voter. If Prussia were a little smaller, and Bavaria and Saxony a good deal larger, matters might adjust themselves more easily. As it is Germans have to reconcile incompatible and contradictory elements and to evolve from them an apparatus of government better suited to a great, progressive, highly-civilized nation than that which has descended upon them through the accidents of history. It is a task which Englishmen should watch with sympathetic eyes. In our own interests, if from no other motive, we must prefer a Germany with its political machinery working comfortably and smoothly, rather than a Germany perturbed, uneasy, and dissatisfied with itself.

The Kaiser's manifesto may be of value, if it leads to a serious consideration of necessary reforms. It may prove useful in another way, by inducing some Englishmen to consider more indulgently another side of Germany's embarrassment, and to question more closely the hasty assumption that the people of the one country are imbued with a deep abiding hostility towards the other. It is reiterated upon us day by day that England as a nation, as an Empire, is the mark for hatred and envy in the Fatherland. But I have hardly ever met an individual German, at home or abroad, who does not rather like the individual Englishman; and I am convinced that among all classes of Germans, among the aristocracy, unquestionably among the "intellectuals," even among the mercantile community and among the working-men, there is a high regard and respect for those things that are supposed to be essentially English, for our political freedom, for our industrial ascendancy, for the energy and resourcefulness with which we are credited, for our colonizing and maritime achievements. Germany pays us

the sincerest compliment of imitation. We—little as we may think it—have helped to create the ideal that has floated before the eyes of the present generation of Germans. Young Germany flatters itself that it is building upon the British model. When the great new birth came after the French War, Germany hoped that it was shaking off the old traditions which had too long kept it weak and divided, and breathed into its lungs deep draughts of salt with the sea-wind. "Go to!" said its teachers. "Away with your dreamers, your poets, your hair-splitting metaphysicians, your philosophers maundering in their garrets over the Absolute and the Infinite. Let Fichte and Hegel rest on the shelves. Enough of them for the present. Be even as these Anglo-Saxons are: practical, effective, resolute; grow rich, grow strong, let the great hammers clang and the spindles rattle; let us go forth into the outer world, and remember that for us too *Die Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser*." So it was. The Germans have made themselves our rivals, the most formidable we ever had. But it was a rivalry that had its roots in admiration.

To be our rivals, but not our enemies, is still the feeling in many German, as as it is, I believe, in many English minds. Nothing in the *Daily Telegraph* "conversation" has been more indignantly repudiated on all sides than the assertion (due perchance to the obscurity of the English manuscript before the Kaiser)¹ that "large sections" of the German middle-classes and working-classes are hostile to England.

¹ Perhaps also to his own misunderstanding of the precise import of the English phraseology. The Emperor speaks English admirably and his accent is perfect. But he thinks, I imagine, in German, and he will sometimes use a word which conveys a slightly different meaning to an English ear than that which he intends. The article should at least have been translated into German and submitted to him in that language, as well as in the original. It does not appear that this obvious precaution was adopted.

"Sections"—small slices cut out of a greater whole—there may be; large they are not. Through the entire south Great Britain is more popular than any other foreign country; so it is on the Rhine; so it is in the great trading cities of the north—Hamburg has never lost touch with us; and even in Prussia ambition has not yet commonly taken the form of enmity.

But there is ambition, undoubtedly; and there is anxiety. These are the two passions which just now reign in the Teutonic breast. The restlessness, the *malaise*, of Germany are due to these conflicting emotions. On the one hand she is obsessed by a fervor of aspiration, of material progress, by a youthful eagerness to stretch the mighty limbs she has clothed in steel, and to find vent for the energies of the seething brain. To every nation, as to every man, there comes from time to time this yearning for self-realization through action, the "Will to Power" of that new philosophy which has superseded the old idealism. We, too, say the Teutons, will have our share of wealth, of splendor, of expansion, and none—no not England nor another—shall hold us back.

But it is an error to suppose that it is sheer and mere "masterfulness" which animates the movement. Germany, like *Œdipus*, has to solve the riddle that the Sphinx of Destiny has set before her. She lies under an urgent necessity to expand, to find new outlets for her trade and her population, if she is to live comfortably, or if she is to live at all. The situation is well explained in Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson's valuable new book on "The Evolution of Modern Germany," where the full gravity of the economic problem is demonstrated with much clearness and force. The annual increase of the German population is over 800,000; twenty million (half the number of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom)

have been added since 1875. Germany, like ourselves, is approaching the insular condition; she can no longer find food for her people without buying it abroad. Soon it will be necessary to fill half her mouths with alien corn. And this in a country with little wealth of natural products, with no superfluity of coal or mineral ores. She must somehow manufacture and sell at a profit sufficient wares to pay for the people's food; or she must find means of employing those people, their muscle, brains, and capital, beyond her boundaries.

The determination of the Germans to increase the productive power of their country, their alarm at the thought of being excluded from any market, their hurried search for new outlets, their disappointed glances round a world where the best areas for settlement and colonization are already closed to them—all these are explained by economic necessities. We cannot permit Germany to relieve herself at our expense; but it is no business of ours to seek to hinder her so long as she does not interfere with us, nor should we harshly contemplate her attempts to extricate herself from an almost untenable position. If Germany can enable her imprisoned forces to find convenient vent, it is not for us to obstruct the process or even to complain of it. The operation of bottling-up great nations is usually disastrous; and Germany bottled would be much more uncomfortable than Germany with the steam blowing off somewhere in colonizing and commercial activity.

But Germany is uneasy on other grounds. She has often to reflect with bitterness on her past, and with anxiety on her future. We do not, in our practical politics, busy ourselves overmuch with geography and history. The Germans can never escape from either study. They are always conscious of their perilous geographical position;

they are seldom unmindful of their former calamities. We insist upon our Two-Power standard, and are unanimous in the determination to maintain it. But the Germans have no two-power standard as regards their first line of defence. They lie wedged between great military States, one of which, on paper at least, can call to arms more soldiers than themselves, the other nearly as many. Suppose Ireland were an independent country, burning for revenge, with a navy nearly equal to our own; suppose France had even more "capital ships" than ourselves; and suppose that the two Powers were in permanent alliance. It is possible that in that case we too should be restless, irritable, easily perturbed, feverishly anxious to do something in order to protect ourselves against the menace.

That is the situation of Germany, and no German forgets it for long. For his consciousness is stimulated by undying memories. We in England, who have never felt the sting of invasion, who have waged war comfortably at a distance, paying a few soldiers to fight for us somewhere beyond the seas, we cannot easily imagine what the Thirty Years' War, and the campaigns of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries mean to the German to this day. When they think of it the old wounds burn again, like those of Heine's Grenadier. We may believe that the time has gone by for ever when the invader can ride his troop-horses over the standing corn of German harvest-fields and billet his soldiers on German farm-houses. The Germans are not so sure that the attempt may not again be made; they are angrily resolved that it shall not succeed. The thought, indeed, has "got upon their nerves," as we say. The shifts, the turns, the curious and disturbing manœuvres of German foreign policy, are not caused so much by aggressiveness

and ambition as by a permanent attack of fidgets. If you have ever had a fox-terrier that has been maltreated when young, you will notice how the slightest sound or movement will set him snarling and biting. Germany, in its diplomacy, has been like that for some time past. One cannot upset a teacup in Morocco, the Balkans, the Far East, Asia Minor, anywhere, but the German Foreign Office suspects mischief, and begins to show its teeth and run to and fro in agitation. Behind the most innocent negotiation it sees the glare of hostile cannon in the lanes and the foreign hussar with an unclean arm round fair-haired Gretchen's waist.

In such a state of mind Germany shudders at the word "Isolation." Again, it is no business of ours to calm her nerves by modifying any policy which happens to suit our own purposes. But we ought to recognize that all our recent international action has tended in the direction that excites German apprehensiveness. Salutory and agreeable as the French *entente* may be to us, we cannot expect the Germans to view it with satisfaction; still less when it is followed by an Anglo-Russian understanding. It is only natural that they should regard these arrangements with uneasiness. It may be that we have entered into no undertaking which would commit us to participate in any hostile action against Germany in Europe; but the Germans do not know that nor, indeed, do we know it ourselves. The English nation is as little aware as the German nation of the precise terms of the engagements into which we have entered with our Continental friends. Germany may derive some reassurance from Mr. Asquith's statement at the Guildhall that the British Government has no intention of "grouping" the European Powers against one another.

But in fact something very like the group system is in existence. The parties to an *entente*, or an alliance, are easily drawn into backing up one another even against their own inclinations. Germany, for instance, is quite determined to see Austria through any difficulties that may arise over the Bosnian annexation, though no German interests are involved in that proceeding. Similarly we might deem ourselves under a loyal obligation to support France and Russia even in a quarrel with which we were not directly concerned. Nothing has mortified the Germans more than the belief that England has ranged herself alongside of the two peoples whom they regard as their actual or potential enemies. They do not love the Russians and they deeply distrust the French; I have over and over again, in conversation on these subjects with educated Germans, observed how strong a hold the Slav nightmare and the Gallic revenge have upon their imaginations. It angers and annoys them to feel that Britain, the country of all others they really respect, has thrown itself upon the side of these dangerous adversaries. The consequences and significance of our recent understandings are naturally exaggerated in Germany, and they are commonly interpreted as an alliance of the three most powerful foreign States directed against themselves. We may hope that one result of the present crisis will be to clear away some of the mystification and secrecy which invest the conduct of international relations.

The Germans are asking for a responsible Foreign Secretary, mainly in order that they may know what is being done in their name, to what engagements or undertakings they are being committed in the dark. They may, however, discover that even the true "Cabinet system" does not convey full enlightenment on such points:

Here in England we do not always know how far we may be pledged to important action, or involved in momentous agreements, until it is too late to retrace our steps. True, the secret is shared by two or three persons instead of being locked in one august breast; but that does not substantially help us. Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey may, for all we can tell, have entered into arrangements whose grave consequences may yet have to be revealed. One is sometimes inclined to question whether it is not time to break with the eighteenth-century tradition which still makes foreign politics an affair of secret negotiations, of private conferences between potentates and ministers, of confidential documents which cannot be disclosed. Wars and alliances are national interests, and great free peoples should be made conversant with the main lines of policy on which these turn. We do not live in the age of the Fredericks and the Choiseuls, the Kaunitzes and the Catherines; and though everything cannot be shouted from the housetops, there are many cases in which public opinion has as much right to express itself upon the terms of a negotiation as upon the stages of an Act of Parliament. The present system, inherited from periods when diplomacy was influenced by dynastic rivalries and court favorites and royal mistresses, causes more confusion than it prevents. It is conceivable that there would be a better feeling between the English and the German peoples if both were fully acquainted with what has been done in their name during the past ten years. Mystery and misunderstanding are commonly found in company.

In this and other ways we may look to some clearing of the air as the result of the Kaiser's "conversation." It has, at any rate, had one salutary effect. Throughout Germany there has

been, as I have said, a disclaimer of anti-British sentiment. Charged with Anglophobia on the highest authority, "large sections" of the German people have been eager to point out that the Imperial observer has been misled. Many, even of those who rather enjoy carping at Britain, are shocked when they are bluntly told that they are inveterately hostile. The denials come from all quarters, even from those who have been intimately associated with the German Nationalist movement in its most aggressive form. A writer in the ultra-Conservative expansionist and far from Anglophile newspaper, the *Reichsbote*, puts the question, "Is the majority of the German people antagonistic to England?" and answers in the following terms:—

I have the impression that the majority of the English people is as little anti-German as the people at home are anti-English. As far as I can make out, there are some financial powers closely connected with commerce in England which are alarmed at Germany's commercial expansion, but this fear seemed to have decreased during the last summer. If we keep calm and quietly strengthen our fleet England will soon realize that she will have to allow us to exist and the envious portion of the population will soon subside. I can see no reason for Anglophobia, and I am sure that there is no room for such an unfortunate sentiment in our country. Our common interests are too important for such an insane enmity and the causes of friction too insignificant, always provided we do not take the commercial rivalry into account. Our people are bent on peace and want no wars.

The passage is indicative at once of the real desire, even of the Chauvinists, to deprecate hostility towards England, and of that nervousness to which I have referred above. "England will have to allow us to exist!" Germans have a genuine apprehension that we may some time or other be impelled to

do something to limit their growth as a maritime and mercantile nation. If a good many people here are afraid of their ambition and aggressiveness, a still larger number there go in fear of these qualities in ourselves. A few active writers and speakers in each country accentuate this mutual suspicion. There is even less excuse for them in England than in Germany; for though we have grave problems of our own to solve, our international position is at least free from the uncertainty and instability which confront

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the German when he casts his eyes across his frontiers. We might do something to convince the Germans that we are far indeed from holding that their difficulties will be our opportunities; and that though we intend resolutely to guard our own interests we shall be delighted if a great and famous people so closely linked by racial and historic ties with ourselves can succeed in overcoming the political and economical impediments that lie across their path.

MR. BIRRELL'S LAND BILL.

Mr. Birrell's new Irish Land Bill deals with three separate, yet closely connected, questions. As we have more than once pointed out, the financial scheme of Mr. Wyndham's Act of 1903 has proved to be unsound, and the basis on which it was framed to be strangely inaccurate. The consequent "break down" of the finance of the Act accordingly requires immediate attention, as bad finance has a snowball way of piling up its objectionable consequences that often quickly leads to disaster. Then the problem of the West of Ireland is only at the beginning of its solution. The Congested District Board, which was founded by Mr. Arthur Balfour 17 years ago, has only partly done its work. Indeed, in some respects it has only shown the way by which the solution may come. Lord Dudley's Commission studied the question for nearly two years, and issued a dozen enormous volumes of evidence and a long report, and these labors now demand attention. In the third place, five years of work under the Irish Land Act of 1903 have brought out various points that require amendment and reconsideration. Consequently Mr. Birrell's

Bill has to deal with these three separate subjects, which, however, are connected by the question of ways and means that underlies all.

As we have on previous occasions pointed out, the financial basis of Mr. Wyndham's Act was the provision of money for the purposes of Irish Land Purchase by the issue of Land stock at 2¾ per cent. Advances are made under the Act to Irish tenants to purchase their holdings, which are repaid by annuities at 3¼ per cent. Of this, 2¾ per cent. goes to pay interest on the stock, and the remaining ½ per cent. is for a sinking fund to pay off the principal. The scheme would work well were it possible to raise cash by the issue of this 2¾ per cent. stock without loss. As a matter of fact, this never has been possible. The very first issue of five millions' stock had to be floated five months after the Act came into operation at the price of 87—a discount of 13 per cent.—and the average price obtained for the stock to the present is 88¼. Mr. Wyndham apparently anticipated some loss and provided that it should fall on the Irish development grant. This is an annual fund of £185,000, which, however, is

subject, as Mr. Birrell pointed out, to various other charges that reduce it to about £100,000 a year. The enormous loss in flotation soon disposed of this fund. The Exchequer, however, was further safeguarded by the guarantee fund—that is, the combined contributions in aid of Irish local rates from the Imperial Treasury, including the agricultural grant. But to fall back on this guarantee fund meant that the losses on flotation of Irish Land stock had to be paid directly by Irish ratepayers. This was an obligation that the persons concerned never contemplated. In our opinion the obligation ought to have been plainly stated when the Bill was going through the House of Commons. As a matter of fact, the financial clauses of the measure were never adequately discussed, and few in Ireland understood their import until the matter was brought home by the failure of the development grant to meet its liabilities.

It may be urged that the Irish ratepayers are rightly required to bear the losses on the raising of money for Irish land purchase purposes. Undoubtedly it is more their business than that of the English taxpayer. But the Irish ratepayers are not all tenant purchasers. They include also a variety of people who have no direct interest in land. Even those of them who participated in the benefits of land purchase might fairly claim that to saddle them with the heavy cost of raising the money was to take with one hand what was given with the other. It meant that though land purchase reduced their annual payments in rent, it so added to their rates as to take away all the advantage, and even increase their former responsibilities. It is evident that some way out the difficulty was urgent. The Treasury Committee that considered the matter last winter made various suggestions with which we have dealt on previous oc-

casions. An enormous mass of purchase agreements has mounted up, based on the existing financial scheme. It would not be possible to throw these back to the parties. Money to finance them had to be provided, and it could only be found by throwing the loss on (1) the parties to the agreement—the landlords and the tenants; (2) the Irish ratepayers; or (3) the British Exchequer. To place the burden on the first class, although evidently the most equitable arrangement, would look like a breach of faith on the part of the State and could not be adopted as the solution. To put the loss on the Irish ratepayers is the scheme of Mr. Wyndham's Act and is certainly the next most reasonable way out of the difficulty, but these ratepayers are not silent when they have a grievance, and they made it plain that they were not going to undertake obligations that their representatives agreed to without apparently understanding. In the circumstances, the Government felt that it was not possible to stand on their statutory rights so they were obliged to fall back on the third source—the British Exchequer. Accordingly the losses on the flotation of stock are to be undertaken by the Treasury to the relief of Irish landlords and tenants. That loss on the £33,000,000 of stock already issued amounts to £3,500,000. Another £52,000,000 is required to pay off existing obligations. The discount on that sum at present rates will amount to another £5,500,000 to be paid out of the British Exchequer.

In the present state of our national finances, this is no mean sum. It is evident that some change must be made in the method of raising money for land purchase in Ireland. The size of the problem is gigantic. Mr. Wyndham based his finance on a total estimate of £100,000,000. Mr. Birrell created a sensation on Monday night when he stated that he was told by his

advisers that that was an exceedingly bad shot, and that the total would be not £100,000,000, but £180,000,000. Mr. Wynham following Mr. Birrell tried to defend his estimate and set forth a variety of figures with that object. By means of these figures he succeeded to his own satisfaction in pulling down the sum required to a total of £102,000,000. As the amount already agreed to amounts to £77,000,000, that would leave only £25,000,000 for all the land as yet unsold in Ireland. Mr. Birrell put this fact to Mr. Wyndham in the debate, but received no reply. The Chief Secretary promised to lay on the table of the House the figures and calculations on which the estimate of £180,000,000 is based. Any one acquainted with the problem must recognize that the 1903 estimate was grossly inadequate. Its inadequacy was indeed recognized by some of the most temperate and thoughtful minds in the House in 1903. Mr. John Morley—as he then was—speaking on the second reading of the Wyndham Bill (May 7, 1903) said:—"This Bill plucks up the old land system root and branch, and you are going to pay £12,000,000 down, and are going to risk £100,000,000, or £150,000,000 afterwards in order to abolish it." In other speeches Mr. Morley showed his intimate knowledge of the size of the problem, and his great sagacity in forecasting it. But all these vaticinations were waved aside, and the Act was launched on its course with the result that we now see.

Mr. Wyndham and other critics in Parliament objected to Mr. Birrell's proposals for introducing a new system of meeting the obligations under which the Government is to pay off Irish vendors of land, while a good many outside Parliament have complained that they cannot understand the scheme at all. What, then, do the new proposals amount to? In the first place, they deal with existing obliga-

tions, the £52,000,000 agreed to but not paid, and provide that £5,000,000 in cash shall be supplied each year at the cost of the Exchequer and that in addition such landlords as are willing to accept it shall get stock bearing interest at 2½ per cent. at a minimum rate of issue of 92. The effect of this is apparently that landlords who take stock will get it to the amount of about £109 face value for each £100 cash due. If they sell this stock at a price under 92, they will lose the difference between that figure and the price realized, but if they hold the stock until it rises to above 92 they will gain the excess. In the spring of 1906 Irish Land Stock did rise to 92, and, in our opinion, Irish landlords who take stock on the terms offered will eventually find the investment a profitable one.

On the second point, as regards future transactions, the scheme is different. Payments to vendors are to be made in stock bearing interest at 3 per cent.—the annuities of the tenants being raised to 3½ per cent. This change from cash to stock is a reversion to the scheme of the Balfour Purchase Act, which paid the landlords in stock bearing interest, however, at the rate only of 2½ per cent. Mr. Birrell's critics did not suggest any alternative methods of providing cash for Irish Land Purchase. They complained of the discouragement to land purchase that his proposals would result in. As, however, up to the present, purchase transactions have been going along at nearly three times the rate that Mr. Wyndham contemplated in 1903—a little back set, a slowing down of the pace, is not an unmitigated evil. It is very easy to say that ways can be devised for quickening the pace, for finding the money, for carrying out the work of transfer. We have not, however, seen any suggestions of any value on these matters, and we think that Mr. Birrell has

amply proved his case that while land purchase in Ireland must go on, it must do so on a basis of sound finance. We cannot now deal with other important matters in Mr. Birrell's speech, such as the new bonus arrangements, and the re-organization and financing of the

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congested District Board, but we would add a word of praise for the clever statement with which the Chief Secretary introduced, and placed before the House and the public, a most difficult, complex, and technical subject.

DISCURSIONS.

A PRESENT FOR THE CHILDREN.

Scene—The Library. Time, 6.45 P.M.

He is smoking and reading a paper. She is examining a cardboard box about four inches square by six inches in height. Everything is quiet and peaceful.

He (looking up). What's that you've got hold of?

She. It's a box.

He. Anything else?

She. No, just a box. But of course there's something inside it.

He. Why, "of course"?

She. Well, boxes usually have things in them. This one came from Boston this morning from Mary Hale. She writes (*takes up letter and reads*): "I am sending the children a Japanese puzzle which is all the rage here. Everybody has gone mad about it, and you can't go anywhere without finding it. I hope it will amuse the children during the long evenings. What do you think has happened to Harriet Soames? She has actually——" The rest doesn't matter. But it's very kind of Mary.

He. Yes, very. Have the kids seen it?

She. They're very much excited about it. They'll be in to have a try at it directly. I thought I'd keep it here. Things get so dreadfully spoilt in the nursery.

He. What is it? Let's have a look at it. (*She hands over the box, which he examines.*) What's this? (*Reads.*)

"The Putmewright Puzzle. One hundred-and-twenty-five pieces. The Musicians. Kobayashi." (*Reflectively.*) Yes, it sounds Japanese right enough. (*Takes off lid.*) Why, it's full of—— It's our old friend the Chinese puzzle come back again. It's as easy as walking. I used to do 'em when I was a boy.

She. But, of course, you were a very brilliant boy.

He. I was. Let's turn it out and have a go at it.

[They clear a table and turn the contents of the box out in a confused heap of little wooden slabs, of irregular conformation, and having one side plain and the other colored.]

She. Looks easy enough, doesn't it?

He (doubtfully). Well, they all fit together, you know, and make a picture. (*He spreads the heap out.*) There's no difficulty. (*He picks up a piece.*) There's a bit of a foot on this one. You've only got to find the other bit. (*He begins to search.*)

She. You've got a hundred-and-twenty-four pieces to choose from. Take time; go steady. Here's another foot. No, it's a hand, or (*inspecting carefully*) it might be a piece of face. You never know with the Japanese. Here, I've got a bit of sky; it's light blue. That must go on the top.

He. The foot must go at the bottom.

She. Don't you be too sure. These Japanese musicians often stand on their heads when they play. (*Takes*

another piece.) Here's the top of a roof. That's in the middle anyhow, somewhere between the sky and the foot, whichever way up he's standing. There—now we've got three pieces in their proper place.

[They become more and more absorbed in their work.]

He. You're always taking the piece I want. I've got a head and a big straw hat all but finished and you've done nothing yet.

She. If you'd only leave me alone for a minute I'd get this background done.

He. How do you know it's a background?

She. Well, it looks like a background; can't be anything else.

He. I think it's a dress.

She. And I— No, that won't fit. (*She rattles feverishly through the loose pieces.*) Give me your straw hat. (*Seizes it.*) Now, do you see? It's not a straw hat; it's an umbrella.

He. Sold again. It doesn't fit. Hand it back. (*He seizes it.*) I'll lay a thousand it's a hat.

[A knock at the door, and two little girls come dancing into the room.]

He. Now children, don't make a noise. Your mother and I are very busy. (*To Her.*) That's no good. You're trying to put a hand into the top of a tree.

She. It isn't a hand; it's a bird sitting on a branch. (*To the little girls.*) Don't crowd round the table, dears; go and sit on the sofa and read.

First Little Girl. But we want to Punch.

play with Aunt Mary's game. You said we might.

She. Yes, darling, some other day. To-morrow, perhaps. Daddy and I are trying to put it right for you now.

Second Little Girl. But why shouldn't we play with it? It's our game. Aunt Mary gave it to us.

He (*stonily*). If this sort of thing goes on we shall never finish.

She (*to the children*). Run away now, darlings. You shall have your game to-morrow.

The Little Girls (*together*). You're both very cross and cruel.

[They leave the room indignantly in tears.]

He (*looking guiltily at Her*). Let's call them back and give them the blessed thing.

She (*determined*). Never. I've just got his sash fixed in, and I simply couldn't bear to give it up now.

[They proceed with varying success.

Suddenly a gong sounds.]

He. Good heavens! That's dinner and we haven't washed our hands.

She. Only a minute more. I've got his nose, but the top of his head's gone. It must have dropped on the floor.

[They both go down on their hands and knees to look for it, and in this position the butler, entering to announce dinner, finds them a moment later.]

The Butler. Dinner is quite ready, Ma'am.

He. Yes, yes. Go away; we shall be in in a minute.

[*Left struggling.*]

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In the department of biography, the latest additions to Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) include Mrs. Gaskell's "The Life of Charlotte Brontë" for which Miss May Sinclair, who

wrote introductions to the Brontë novels in this library, renders a similar service; "The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson" written by his widow Lucy, and prefaced with

Guizot's Introduction; and "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin," containing his autobiography, and a full supplementary account of his later life, in its relation to the history of his time, written by W. Macdonald, who also furnishes an introduction.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, author of "On the Face of the Waters" and several other stories of life in India, has now returned to the familiar land and people for a serious historical narrative of "India through the Ages." She goes back to the earliest legends and traditions and brings the story down to the great mutiny. Her method is partly chronological and partly topical. She carries into the book the vividness of style which characterizes her Indian fiction; and while she makes no pretence to original research, she has wrought the material ready to her hand into a narrative of unusual dramatic power; her intimate knowledge of the India of to-day and of the recent past enabling her to understand better the India of a more remote time. The book is illustrated with seven maps. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In writing her "The Story of Sir Galahad," Miss Mary Blackwell Sterling has regarded her work almost as a religious act, and has given it a dedication and an introduction in which an adult reader may perceive her intention. Few children, however, will read these prefatory writings, but after one glance at the frontispiece, in which the baby Galahad clutches at the cross-hilt of the sword of Sir Bors, they will plunge into the substance of the book, the lovely story of the Sangreal. Miss Sterling has re-written it in worthy English, and Mr. William Ernest Chapman has made seven fair pictures for it, and what with the serious style of the text and the so-

lemnity of the pictures it is little like any of the other Arthurian story books of the season and is by far the best of them. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The massive and umbrageous hat appearing on the cover of Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips's "The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch" gives the normally formed wearer the appearance of a hunchback, as is the way of such structures, but in truth the mascot is a small, profane, dirty little boy and the picture represents the prudent, sensible girl who declines to marry the hero until he has at least a penny to his name. He adopts the aforesaid small boy, his luck changes, he discovers the gold for which he has long been looking, finds the partners necessary to enable him to mine for it, and receives a letter from the girl announcing that she will marry him as soon as he desires, anywhere, and on any terms, her common sense having evaporated. Notwithstanding its patent absurdity the tale is a rather pretty trifle, very well put together, and warranted to bring tears to the eyes of the gallery gods. Good colored pictures by F. Graham Cootes illustrate the book. Bobbs, Merrill Co.

Dr. Frank Byron Jevons, Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham University, having already written "An Introduction to the History of Religion" and "Religion in Evolution" was naturally chosen to deliver the Hartford-Lamson Lectures for 1908, and the result is the volume entitled "An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religions." As these lectures are intended as aids in the preparation of students for the foreign missionary field, their scope is general, and the reader, like the student, is instructed in principles rather than in particulars. Immortality, magic, fetishism, prayer, sacrifice, morality are

the subjects of the chief chapters, and the evolution of each subject is so explained that the student receives what might be called a general introduction to it, giving him the power to arrange and appreciate such knowledge as he receives. A brief bibliography and a good index complete the book. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Georgiana Goddard King's "The Way of Perfect Love" is a play intended rather for the closet than for the stage, upon which it is to be feared that its allegory would be taken literally, and esteemed absurd. The heroine being sought in marriage by her cousin the Duke, repels him and follows a strolling player over the world until she discovers that the freedom of his soul is dearer to him than she. Then she sends him away, and consoles herself with a shepherd whose worship she returns with love, until the player once more appears and detaches her affections. After these two experiences, and a period of fasting and contemplation, she returns to marry her cousin and to assume the cares of her subjects. The shepherd proceeds from earthly love to heavenly, and the player, pursuing an unattainable desire remains in a state of aspiration. The author suggests more than one explanation of the allegory, but all seem rather blind. The verse is elevated prose, rather than poetry. The Macmillan Co.

"Ancient China Simplified" is a somewhat puzzling title, but the book to which Mr. E. Harper Parker has given it will be found destructive of puzzles. As Mr. Parker very justly says, much of the difficulty in studying Chinese history arises from the transliteration of proper names, the English alphabet being quite inadequate to render the distinctions between one stone and another, and he has, there-

fore, aimed rather at indicating principles of progress and the general course of events than at describing the lives and conduct of statesmen and rulers, and thus to impart to his readers an intelligible idea of what ancient China really was. Those who have struggled through certain other histories with no appreciable gain in knowledge, will find that from him they gain a definite conception, and his excellent index makes review and reference easy. Lists of important names are prefixed to the text and nine maps are inserted in convenient places. Ancient China is indeed simplified with all these aids. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The heroines of "The Court-Harmon Girls," L. T. Meade's new story, are such incarnations of family pride that they insist on remaining in their ancestral home, although absolutely without money to pay their expenses, and what the author could possibly have done with them had she not thought of the device by which she changes their poverty to easy circumstances is a puzzle. The answer to the enigma is a shrewd American school friend who, considering the Court-Harmon innumerable bed rooms, the overflowing linen closets, garrets crammed with Sheraton and Chippendale furniture and trunks filled with unworn ancestral bridal outfits calmly says, "Paying guests! Borrow £2,000 which my grandfather has given me casually; fill your stables and kitchen as they should be and coin money! And in the evening array yourselves in those long packed good clothes, and be not scorned of the paying guests." And thus and not otherwise they do, and are on the road to opulence when the book leaves them. There is no sort of probability in the story but it is well written and it does a girl no harm to think how pleasant it might be to make others happy. And if she be the right sort of girl it

does her no harm to see justice done to the mischief maker of the book who goes unwhipped almost too long, but is thoroughly scourged at last. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The simultaneous development of mind and spirit through the influence of travel and intercourse with new acquaintances is a topic not to be made otherwise than interesting by any treatment whatsoever, and the hero of Mr. C. Hanford Henderson's "*The Lighted Lamp*" develops, expands and soars so extraordinarily that his progress amazes the reader almost as much as it astonishes the author. Beginning as a clerk in the wholesale coffee and spice trade, with no prospect of ever escaping from a position which the author seems to regard as little short of loathsome, he advances, after his accession to an inherited six thousand a year, to a stage of intellectual development in which he is capable of leading the conversation in a company of six persons, each one better educated than he, more accustomed to society, and with no cankering memories of coffee and spice. He falls in love twice; first with a sensible, beautiful, clever girl; second with a beautiful woman whose religion is expressed in an oratory decorated with the sacred objects and scriptures of four religions. This woman and a friend of hers arrange the affairs of other persons by thinking about them, and speak of doing things for their friends exactly as Athene and Zeus might converse of bestowing benefits on mortals. Less worldly snobbishness as to coffee and spice; less spiritual snobbishness as to religion might have made the story moving and even powerful for good. As it stands it is so far from producing the effect evidently designed by the author that one closes it with a feeling of sadness. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Alfred Perceval Graves, the author of "*Father O'Flynn*" and "*The Foggy Dew*," is Irish by birth, the son of an Irish Protestant bishop; the Secretary of the Irish Literary Society; an active promoter of the study of Irish, but he is not Irish by profession. It is on account of this last quality that he receives comparatively little notice from Irish papers and journalists. The pretty two volume edition of his Irish poems now issued in Dublin and New York will give many Americans their first glimpse of him. "*Songs of the Gael*" and a "*Gaelic Story-Telling*" compose the first volume. In the former are many free versions of Irish ballads; in the latter, four stories, one Greek and three Irish, and all written in unrhymed pentameters. In the second volume, are "*Countryside Songs*" and "*Songs and Ballads*" originating with Mr. Graves himself. Mr. Graves seems willing to accept the theory that the difference between "*Songs of the Gael*" and his earlier work arises from his having felt the touch of the Gaelic revival, but he mildly insists upon his Irish countryside rearing, his familiarity with speech in which Irish idioms are translated into English, and as "prime impulse the music of old Irish airs." "That music," he says, "I danced and sang to as a boy; it has haunted me through life, and I look to its inexhaustible freshness as one of the dearest solaces of age." His lyrics, even when warlike, have none of the savagery real or affected of many of the Young Ireland and Fenian poets. He is a Christian civilized Irishman of his own century, not forgetting ancient Erin but carrying her spirit forward as he marches with the true modern spirit and this book is the most noteworthy of all Irish poetry published during the last forty years, not excepting Mr. Yeats's poignant dramas or Nora Chesson's lovely songs. The Macmillan Co.